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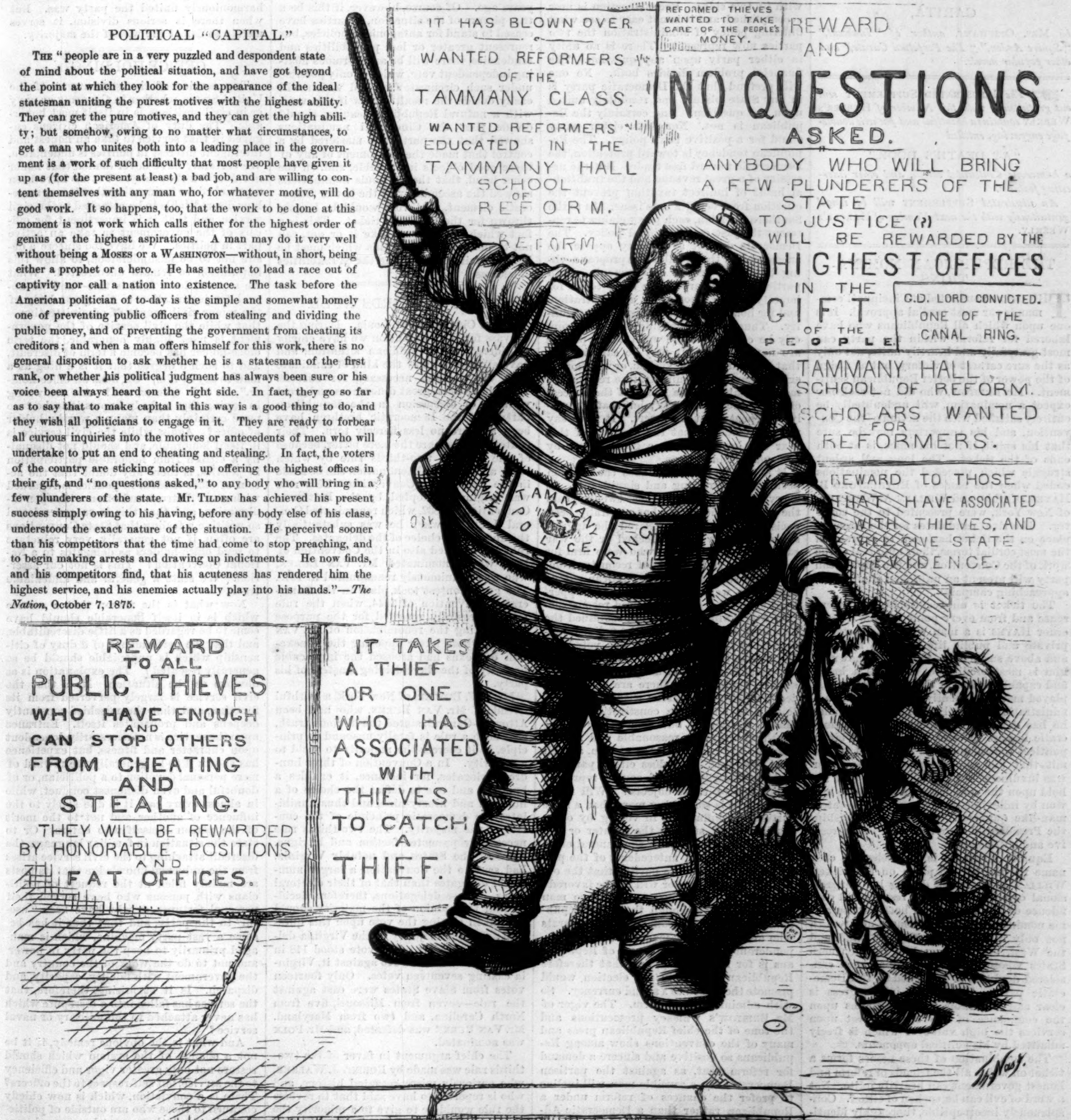
POLITICAL "CAPITAL."

The "people are in a very puzzled and despondent state of mind about the political situation, and have got beyond the point at which they look for the appearance of the ideal statesman uniting the purest motives with the highest ability. They can get the pure motives, and they can get the high ability; but somehow, owing to no matter what circumstances, to get a man who unites both into a leading place in the government is a work of such difficulty that most people have given it up as (for the present at least) a bad job, and are willing to content themselves with any man who, for whatever motive, will do good work. It so happens, too, that the work to be done at this moment is not work which calls either for the highest order of genius or the highest aspirations. A man may do it very well without being a Moses or a Washington—without, in short, being either a prophet or a hero. He has neither to lead a race out of captivity nor call a nation into existence. The task before the American politician of to-day is the simple and somewhat homely one of preventing public officers from stealing and dividing the public money, and of preventing the government from cheating its creditors; and when a man offers himself for this work, there is no general disposition to ask whether he is a statesman of the first rank, or whether his political judgment has always been sure or his voice been always heard on the right side. In fact, they go so far as to say that to make capital in this way is a good thing to do, and they wish all politicians to engage in it. They are ready to forbear all curious inquiries into the motives or antecedents of men who will undertake to put an end to cheating and stealing. In fact, the voters of the country are sticking notices up offering the highest offices in their gift, and "no questions asked," to any body who will bring in a few plunderers of the state. Mr. Tilden has achieved his present success simply owing to his having, before any body else of his class, understood the exact nature of the situation. He perceived sooner than his competitors that the time had come to stop preaching, and to begin making arrests and drawing up indictments. He now finds, and his competitors find, that his acuteness has rendered him the highest service, and his enemies actually play into his hands."—*The Nation*, October 7, 1875.


IT HAS BLOWN OVER.
WANTED REFORMERS OF THE TAMMANY CLASS.
WANTED REFORMERS EDUCATED IN THE TAMMANY HALL SCHOOL OF REFORM.
REFORM
REFORMED THIEVES WANTED TO TAKE CARE OF THE PEOPLE'S MONEY.
REWARD AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED.
ANYBODY WHO WILL BRING A FEW PLUNDERERS OF THE STATE TO JUSTICE (?) WILL BE REWARDED BY THE HIGHEST OFFICES IN THE GIFT OF THE PEOPLE.
G.D. LORD CONVICTED. ONE OF THE CANAL RING.
TAMMANY HALL SCHOOL OF REFORM.
SCHOLARS WANTED FOR REFORMERS.
REWARD TO THOSE THAT HAVE ASSOCIATED WITH THIEVES, AND WILL GIVE STATE EVIDENCE.
REWARD TO ALL PUBLIC THIEVES WHO HAVE ENOUGH AND CAN STOP OTHERS FROM CHEATING AND STEALING. THEY WILL BE REWARDED BY HONORABLE POSITIONS AND FAT OFFICES.
IT TAKES A THIEF OR ONE WHO HAS ASSOCIATED WITH THIEVES TO CATCH A THIEF.
TAMMANY POLICE
RING
$
Th. Nast.

TWEED-LE-DEE AND TILDEN-DUM.

Reform Tweed. "If all the people want is to have somebody arrested, I'll have you plunderers convicted. You will be allowed to escape; nobody will be hurt; and then **Tilden** will go to the White House, and I to Albany as Governor."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1876.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

☞ *In this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be found the opening chapters of a new Serial Story, entitled*

CARITÀ,

by MRS. OLIPHANT, *author of "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," and other popular novels.*

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a humorous Centennial sketch, and other interesting features.

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THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

THE ticket nominated at Cincinnati commands our most cordial approval. It is one upon which all Republicans who have labored for reform within the party can most gratefully and heartily unite, not only as the sure earnest of victory, but as a sign of the power of the better Republican sentiment. Mr. BRISTOW, who did not seek nor expect a nomination, will undoubtedly be entirely satisfied with the action of the Convention, and his supporters may be sure that his spirit, if not his name, is at both ends of the ticket. The long and ardent struggle which preceded the nominations ended when the names of RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, of Ohio, and WILLIAM A. WHEELER, of New York, were presented to the country. The rival candidates for the foremost place on the ticket hastened to express, in the most cordial terms, their approval of the work of the Convention, and the Republican party will present an unbroken front in the approaching campaign.

The ticket is unexceptionable in every sense and from every point of view. Governor HAYES is a man whose character in private and public life is above reproach and above suspicion. All that is known of him is most creditable. He was a brave and capable soldier in the war, and has displayed marked executive ability in the administration of civil affairs. Three times he has defeated the most popular Democratic leaders in Ohio, and his most bitter political opponents were compelled to admit that his administration as Governor was invulnerable to criticism, and that his hold upon the confidence of the people was won by inflexible integrity and high statesman-like qualities. Under his leadership, the Presidential campaign will be aggressive and enthusiastic.

Equally fortunate is the selection of a name for the second place on the ticket. WILLIAM A. WHEELER during his Congressional career has won the respect and confidence of the best men of both parties, and his nomination will be a source of strength not only in New York, New England, and the West, but in several of the Southern States whose electoral vote has been considered doubtful or conceded to the Democratic party. His record in Congress is clear and admirable, and his claims upon the confidence of the country rest upon services the high value of which is freely admitted by his political opponents.

The combination of these names forms a ticket on which all the friends of reform and honest government can heartily unite. Not a word of evil can be spoken of either. Conspicuously incorruptible, thoroughly identified with the reform element in the Republican party, and in full accord with the spirit which demands the elevation of the public service and its emancipation from the rule of machine politics, the men nominated at Cincinnati will lead the Republican party through no doubtful fight. No ticket that can be nominated at St. Louis can present better or equally popular names. The country is not yet prepared to turn over the control of the national government to the Democratic party. The alacrity displayed in indorsing the Republican ticket by those who were the rivals of Governor HAYES for the nomination, insures for it the united support of the party and an overwhelming popular triumph in November.

THE STATE OF PARTIES.

THERE has never been a Presidential election in this country before this in which there was not a party division upon some distinct issue. For a period the bank, internal improvements, and the whole financial system were in question. The Democrats opposed a bank and the "American system," which the Whigs favored. Then the question of slavery became paramount. The Democrats were the party of slavery, and the Republicans of liberty. The war followed, and the issue was sharply drawn. The end of the war brought reconstruction, with its two sides. Reconstruction is now accomplished, and it is not easy to see what differing policy of administration the two parties now represent. There is no unity in either party upon any question. The financial problem divides both. No one will pretend that the Democratic party is in any State plainly and resolutely united upon the question. And certainly the Republican is not. Nor does either party stand for a positive tariff policy. The Republican tendency is toward protection, the Democratic toward free trade. But the necessity of a great revenue and the traditional habit of indirect taxation prevent the question from being a true issue. As to the Southern question, each party claims to represent the just constitutional policy. The Democrats do not as a party oppose the amendments; the Republicans propose nothing but their proper enforcement. Both parties, also, declare in the same terms for honesty and economy of administration, and for holding officers to rigid responsibility. Thus there is nothing that can properly be called an issue upon which parties are now divided. It may be said, indeed, that a sound financial system, or wise Southern measures, or administrative reform, are more probable in the event of the success of one or the other party; but that is merely to repeat what we assert. It is to say what is evident, that the election of this year will be decided in a great degree by personal considerations.

It is this fact which makes the election peculiarly interesting and significant. At every election during the last twenty years the party consideration has naturally been decisive. Those who desired the aggressions of slavery to be checked or the war earnestly carried on, or who were firm for equal rights as the basis of reconstruction, of course supported the Republican party; those who were pro-slavery or of Copperhead sympathy, or who desired reconstruction *à la* ANDREW JOHNSON, sustained the Democratic party. It was the policy represented by the party which was voted for. We repeat the question, What policy upon any great issue does either party now represent? Undoubtedly there are certain objects which good citizens wish to promote. Return to an honest, constitutional legal tender, a friendly but firm policy in the Southern States, a reasonable and radical reform of the civil service system, are all most desirable. But does either party, as such, necessarily and of course represent either one of those objects? Will not a citizen who is something more than a mere partisan be influenced in voting by other considerations, such as the greater or less probability, arising from the general character and political antecedents of the persons who compose the parties, that the objects he desires will or will not be favored? It seems to us, for instance, that no man can deny that although there are Republicans who are inflationists and Democrats who are hard-money men, yet that the preponderance of the preference of Republicans is for hard money, and that therefore Republican success in the election would promote the return to a sound currency. So with administrative reform. The vigor of Mr. BRISTOW'S whiskey prosecutions and the tone of the chief Republican press and many of the conventions show among Republicans so positive and sincere a demand for reform that, as against the partisan Democratic cry, a sensible man will incline to prefer the chances of reform under a Republican rather than a Democratic Administration. The Democrats insist that if reform is desirable, logic requires Republican defeat. But the American voter looks at facts, not at theories, and if he wishes reform, will ask in vain for proof or probability that he would help reform by voting the Democratic ticket.

In both these cases the decision will rest not upon the fact that the parties formally represent differing sides, because, formally, they do not. But the voter will be determined by probabilities depending upon personal considerations. So, too, with what is called the Southern question. He will naturally feel that a party which includes the old antislavery men, the loyal Union men of the war, and which is strongest among the most patriotic, intelligent, conscientious, and industrious parts of the country and classes of the population, will probably deal more justly with "the South," and more in the spirit of the amended Constitution, than one which, with all its more enlightened members, embraces the great mass of the late Confederates and Confederate sympathizers. That party may honestly declare that it will offer no resistance to the fair and lawful observance of the amendments, and will discountenance all oppression of the new citizens; but the other party does not need to make such declarations, and that fact is enough for those who have any feeling upon the subject, and they are a vast mass of the "loyal" Union men of twelve years ago. Of course, however, if this be a true picture of the situation, if parties have ceased to stand for antagonistic policies, but represent greater or less probabilities and tendencies, there will be an enormous floating independent vote, which is only possible under such circumstances, and which will easily decide the result. Now if this vote, with a natural Republican leaning, should decide that the Cincinnati nominations showed that the party was mastered by a control that made the attainment of any of these good objects improbable, and, on the other hand, that the St. Louis nominations showed the ascendency of the better Democratic element, that vote would be largely thrown for the St. Louis ticket. This is a fact which, whether we like it or not, can not be denied; and it is this which must be borne in mind in weighing the probabilities of success.

THE TWO-THIRDS RULE.

AFTER Cincinnati, St. Louis. During the canvass for the nomination we have chiefly considered the Republican situation, and have striven to show the kind of candidate that we thought necessary for success. There have been great differences and great warmth of discussion in the Republican party, but the Democratic brethren have been and are no less fiercely torn. Their contests, indeed, are the more bitter, because of the terrible two-thirds rule by which alone a Presidential nomination can be made in the Democratic Convention. This rule was originally adopted by the Baltimore Convention in 1832, which renominated General JACKSON, when he was substantially the unanimous choice of the delegates. The rule was adopted also in the Convention of 1836, which nominated Mr. VAN BUREN, who was unanimously renominated in 1840. The great contest took place in the Democratic Convention of 1844, when the rule was successfully renewed for the purpose of defeating the renomination of Mr. VAN BUREN, whose letter opposing the annexation of Texas had aroused the implacable hostility of the slave-driving masters of his party.

Mr. B. F. BUTLER, of New York, a faithful friend of Mr. VAN BUREN, who had been Attorney-General, stated the obvious truth, that such a rule is fatally unsound in principle, as it coerces the majority to yield to a minority. In a Convention of three hundred delegates, for instance, it enables a hundred and one to defeat the choice of a hundred and ninety-nine, and thus annihilates the democratic principle of the control of the majority. The two-thirds rule necessarily promotes faction and intrigue. Some of the States, and notably Virginia, had sent to the Convention a larger number of delegates than that of their electoral votes. These delegations, therefore, decided that the opinion of the majority should prevail in casting the vote upon this question; and the majority of the Virginia delegation decided it. The vote stood 148 in favor of the rule and 116 against it, Virginia casting seventeen votes. Only fourteen votes from Slave States were cast against the rule—seven from Missouri, five from North Carolina, and two from Maryland. Mr. VAN BUREN was defeated, and Mr. POLK was nominated.

The chief argument in favor of the two-thirds rule was made by ROBERT J. WALKER, who curiously misrepresented history, and who is reported to have said that to reverse the rule would be to give to a minority the power to dictate to the majority. As this, however, is precisely what it would not do, Mr. HAMMOND, whose history contains a detailed account of the proceedings, thinks that Mr. WALKER was misrepresented. Mr. HAMMOND, however, does not mention the only plausible argument for the rule. This is found in our double political system of States and nation. The National Nominating Convention is composed of delegates from the States, in which the choice of electoral votes is decided by the majority in the State. Under the delegate system every State, whether it can give its electoral vote for the candidate nominated or not, has a proportional voice in the nomination. Thus it is possible that the vote of the States from which no electoral vote could be expected might by a majority vote nominate a candidate who should not be the choice of the States which could alone give him an electoral vote. It was held that the requirement of a two-thirds vote to nominate would be sure to give some truly Democratic States a voice in the selection. But this was not the original intention of the rule, and it is not a conclusive argument as against the palpable injustice of defeating the majority. The remedy for the alleged possible mischief lies in a representation in the National Convention based proportionally upon the party vote—in other words, upon the proved strength of the party. The rule was originally adopted to show how harmoniously united the party was. But when there is serious division, it serves merely to defeat the will of the majority.

OFFICE-HOLDING.

THE service of the government of the United States, whether in the army or navy or in civil positions, is in itself most honorable. The duty of American citizens engaged in that service to take an honest and intelligent interest in politics is undeniable. We certainly have never denied that honor nor doubted that duty. Yet we have been reproached for insinuating that it was somehow discreditable to be attached to the civil service, and that it is impertinent for officers of the government to take an active part in politics. We have too sincere a desire not to be misunderstood, to allow this imputation to remain uncorrected. What we say and have said is this—and we appeal for justification to the great body of the minor civil agents of administration—that while the civil service of the government is most highly honorable, the term office-holder has become a term of discredit, and to such a degree that it is a fling at a man to say of him, "Oh, he is an office-holder." Is this true or not? Are we wrong in saying that nobody knows it to be true more certainly than many a worthy holder of office? Again, while the civil service is in itself honorable, and should not disqualify a citizen from honorable participation in politics, is there any doubt that the action of office-holders in politics is regarded with great distrust and often with open indignation, and that this is so general and so positive a feeling that State Conventions are often, if not generally, very reluctant to send office-holders as delegates to a National Convention? This is not our assertion. We state a general and undeniable truth.

Now what is the reason that a service which is in itself honorable should have come to be regarded as a little discreditable, and that the performance of a duty of citizenship which is undeniable should be so generally resented? The explanation is as obvious as the situation. It is that the civil service is largely perverted from its function, and that the mischief constantly deepens and propagates itself. Entrance upon the service is not necessarily dependent upon character and fitness, but experience has shown it to be generally the reward of mere personal devotion to a politician, or of doubtful and even dishonest conduct, while in almost every case it is due solely to the influence of another, and not to the merit of the person himself who enters. Or to state the situation in familiar language, the discredit attaching to the civil service arises from the universal knowledge that its posts are mainly filled at the request of politicians with persons who have served their personal fortunes, or who have been "useful" to the party, and that thus it has become a vast party machine, which is managed primarily to keep the party in power, and not to do the work of the country and the government with fidelity, capacity, and dispatch. Is it surprising, therefore, that the service has fallen into a disrepute which has never attached to the military or naval service?

And what is the obvious remedy, if it be not a change of the system which should restore not only greater vigor and efficiency to the service, but self-respect to the officers? There is a conviction, which is now chiefly confined to those who are outside of political circles, that there must be some change if we are ever to breathe a purer political air. This feeling is politely recognized by party conventions, which demand that honesty and many other virtues shall be the qualification for office. But there is hardly a member of the convention who means any thing else than to make a fine declaration which will deceive good people who are gulled with words. Did any party ever declare that it wanted any other than honest men? Did any party, as such, ever make any effort whatever to change the system under which unfit men are necessarily appointed? What is accomplished by the resolution of a convention that good men only ought to be put into the minor offices, followed by the nomination of one of the most diligent managers of the present system of patronage? It is like a solemn manifesto in favor of hard money, followed by the nomination of Mr. WILLIAM ALLEN.

The misery of the situation of the individual office-holder under the present system is that while he is logically the warmest friend of the reform, he is constantly constrained to outrage his own feelings. He knows that his preferences in politics should be as free as those of other men, but he knows also that if he asserts his independence and takes his own way, that way is very likely to lead out of office; and that is a result which poor men with families can not easily face. Indeed, the manhood of honest and independent office-holders is constantly threatened in this way, and they feel with shame and regret that the ill reputation which has fallen upon the service is too often deserved. Its cruelty and shame, however, can be fully known only by those who have made it an intimate study, and are familiar with its daily workings. And here we hold the chief officers, the heads of departments and divisions and custom-houses and post-offices responsible. To what a mean and humiliating servitude do they submit! Men whom they despise demand of them to do a wrong that they do not dare to refuse. Good clerks must be turned out because they have not "influence" to retain them; "bummers" of every degree must be put in because the "member" or the "Senator," or this or that man, for his own purposes, requires it. Places must be found where displacement is inhumanity; appointments made where no service is needed, and sheer supernumeraries paid out of lapsing funds. Every kind of trick and evasion and oppression is known to those who have looked closely into this infamous system, and the result is not only a huge practical robbery of the treasury and extortion upon the tax-payers, but a demoralization of politics and of character which threatens free government itself.

It is because "the best civil service on the planet" is a fountain of shame and corruption that the term office-holder, often enough without the slightest personal responsibility of the individual, has become a reproach. It will become more and more so until public opinion is strong enough to sustain a thorough reform. That reform will be opposed to desperation by every venal and miserable influence and argument; but no serious improvement in politics is possible until it is adopted.

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEES.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES, the Republican candidate for President of the United States, was born in Delaware, Ohio, October 4, 1822. His parents were natives of Vermont, and emigrated to Ohio in 1817. His first American ancestor of the name of HAYES was GEORGE HAYES, a Scotchman, who settled in Windsor, Connecticut, about 1680. His mother was descended from JOHN BIRCHARD, who came over with his father's family from England in 1635, and became one of the principal proprietors and settlers of Norwich, Connecticut. Three of his ancestors, DANIEL AUSTIN, ISRAEL SMITH, and ELIAS BIRCHARD, were members of the Revolutionary army, the latter dying during his term of service. Young HAYES graduated at Kenyon College in 1842, and three years afterward he graduated at the Law School, was admitted to the bar at Marietta, and began the practice of his profession at Fremont, Ohio, in partnership with General RALPH P. BUCHLAND. In 1849 he removed to Cincinnati, and nine years later he was elected City Solicitor. This office he held until the breaking out of the Southern rebellion, when, with Judge MATHEWS, he raised a regiment for the Union service, and went out with it as Major. He led his regiment, forming part of General RENO's division, at the battle of South Mountain, in September, 1862, having received a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel. The regiment was the first that established a position on South Mountain. Lieutenant-Colonel HAYES was severely wounded in the arm, but remained with his regiment throughout the action.

In 1862 he was appointed Colonel of the Twenty-third Ohio Regiment, and placed in command of the Kanawha Division, then ordered back to West Virginia. Subsequently he was promoted to be Brigadier-General "for gallant and meritorious services in the battles of Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek," and was breveted Major-General for "gallant and distinguished services during the campaigns of 1864, in West Virginia, and particularly in the battles of Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek." Prior to these promotions he had commanded a brigade as Colonel for over two years, and he was then commanding a division. In the course of his arduous services four horses had been shot under him, and he had been wounded four times.

In 1864 he was nominated to represent the Second Congressional District of Ohio, and was elected by a majority of 3098, and in 1866 he was re-elected. Before his Congressional term expired, in 1867, he was elected Governor of the State, and was re-elected in 1869. His opponent was Senator THURMAN, the most popular Democratic leader in Ohio. On his retirement from the Governor's chair, General HAYES was again elected to Congress. In 1874 he was unanimously nominated for the third term as Governor. The Democracy renominated Governor ALLEN, and threw into the contest the best talent and effort at their command. General HAYES canvassed the entire State, making speeches in nearly every county, often making two or three at as many different places in a single day. For over two full months he was kept thus employed. The warmth and energy of the canvass was sufficiently attested by the fact that it brought out the largest vote by over sixty-three thousand ever cast in Ohio. The Republicans elected their entire State ticket and the Legislature, the majority for General HAYES being 5544.

WILLIAM A. WHEELER.

Congressman WILLIAM A. WHEELER, who has received the Republican nomination for the Vice-Presidency, is a native of Malone, Franklin County, New York, and was born June 3, 1819. He received a common-school and academic education in his native town, and subsequently entered the University of Vermont, which he left in the year 1842 without graduating. He next studied law, and having been called to the bar, he commenced the practice of his profession in his native county with considerable success. He showed marked ability in his profession, and in a few years was offered the nomination of District Attorney by the Democrats of Franklin County. He accepted the nomination, and was elected. He discharged the duties of his office in an able and impartial manner, and at the expiration of his term of office he was requested to become a candidate for the Assembly in the Whig interest. Mr. WHEELER threw himself into the contest warmly, and was elected. He only served one term, however, and at its close gave up for a time public life to business pursuits. He became cashier of the bank in his native town, and for fourteen years remained connected with it, displaying judicious judgment in all his transactions, and winning the esteem and confidence of all who had business relations with him. He also became interested in railroads, and was elected president of the Northern New York Railroad, which position he held for eleven years.

At the death of the old Whig party Mr. WHEELER became a Republican, and in the year 1858 he was elected to the State Senate, of which he was made temporary president, a distinguished mark of the confidence in which he was held by the Republican party, who then for the first time fully controlled the Legislature. In 1860 he was elected a Representative to Congress, and in 1867 he was chairman of the New York Constitutional Convention. A year later he re-entered Congress, and since that time he has been continuously in the House of Representatives up to the present day.

PERSONAL.

MR. BAIRD, the great iron-master of Gartsherrie, Scotland, who has already given $2,500,000 to the Presbyterian Church in Scotland, proposes to make another gift of the same amount for similar purposes. The munificence is shown not wholly to the Church of Scotland, though that body gets the largest share. One of Mr. BAIRD's objects is the advancement of higher education among the clergy.

—Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY says that the Prince of Wales took pains to exert a good influence in India. At one of the reviews he observed an Englishman pushing a native aside from his standing-place, and he in a very marked way dispatched a messenger to say that such conduct was exceedingly distasteful to him. This rebuke to the normal selfishness and insolence of the English in India has produced an excellent effect. The Prince also gave £1000 to the local charities of Calcutta. But more important than these incidents, perhaps, is the fact that the old restrictions placed upon women in India were relaxed in such a way that they can hardly be so severe hereafter. For the first time the women were liberated from the hard walls of the zenana, and were seen in open carriages, unveiled, enjoying with rapture the fire-works and other festivities. The women were given to understand that this unprecedented freedom was granted at the express desire of the Prince, and he will always be regarded by them as their liberator.

—The re-election of HENRY B. ANTHONY to the United States Senate from Rhode Island was remarkable for its unanimity, he having received every vote in the Senate but one, and all the votes in the House but three. Should he be so fortunate as to serve out his term, he will have been twenty-four years uninterruptedly in the Senate—a service equal to that of CHARLES SUMNER, and two years longer than that of HENRY WILSON.

—In Troy the other day a Republican said to Governor SEYMOUR, "Governor, I want to see Mr. CONKLING elected President; but if he can not be elected to that high office, and we must have a Democrat, I want to see you there." "Thank you," said the Governor, "but I don't want it. The Presidency is a nice thing to have in the family, and so I think you had better give it to ROSCOE."

—Mr. DANIEL CURTIS, who died on the 10th of June, in North Dorset, Vermont, at the age of eighty-seven, was the oldest postmaster in the United States, having been appointed by General JACKSON.

—We have received many letters of inquiry respecting the authorship of the spirited Centennial poem, entitled "Columbia Welcoming the Nations," published in *Harper's Weekly* for May 20. The poem in question was written for the *Weekly* by MARY E. VANDYNE, of Brooklyn, a frequent contributor to our columns. We are pleased to observe that many of our contemporaries have given their readers the opportunity to admire this admirable poem.

—Lord ROSEBERY, says the London *World*, as an under-graduate was known and liked for the absence of all the airs which at Oxford, more than elsewhere, young men are tempted to adopt as the insignia of nobility. Christ-church, as might have been expected in an age when the line that separates an aristocracy from a plutocracy is almost invisible, has become of late years infected by the taint of toadyism, and Lord ROSEBERY may be congratulated on having done good work in his generation by persistently repelling, when he was at Christ-church, the overtures of would-be satellites. Combining with this genuine honesty and simplicity of nature a thorough knowledge of what was due to himself, he contrived, under circumstances by no means easy, and while moving in a set some of the most active figures of which were far from being models of breeding, to hold a course midway between familiarity and hauteur. Tact—the social virtue which of all others time and experience are generally necessary to develop—seemed innate in Lord ROSEBERY. As an Eton boy, he was a man of the world in miniature. Self-possession he had, as a matter of course, and in abundance; but his taste and judgment were effective securities against the exhibition of self-conceit. As he began, so has he continued. The soul of honor and neatness, of generosity and *savoir-faire*, the epitome and perfection of a well-balanced mind and a happily compounded nature, this nobleman takes his bright and brisk pilgrimage through life with a happy, enviable air, with a pleasant, winning smile, with a conscious enjoyment of existence, concerned only to limit that enjoyment at the point that duty and feeling for others may prescribe.

—Dr. H. N. MARTIN, of the University of Cambridge, England, has accepted the professorship of Natural History in the Johns Hopkins University, of Baltimore.

—An old gentleman named DIETZ, aged seventy-nine years, has just completed the walk from New Albany, Indiana, to the Centennial grounds, Philadelphia. He is known just now by his "walk" rather than by his conversation.

—Mr. MATTHIAS W. DAY, of Newark, New Jersey, has in his possession a rich and massive book-case that once belonged to NAPOLEON I. It was purchased by "Peter Parley" (Mr. GOODRICH) while American consul at Paris, and brought by him to this country. Returning to Paris in 1859, he was compelled to part with it, Mr. DAY becoming its purchaser. Aside from its value as a relic, it has great merit as a beautiful and substantial piece of cabinet-work, combining solidity with lightness and elegance. It is of French black oak all through, richly carved. In size it is about five by seven feet, with the lower half inclosed by solid doors, swinging on pivots instead of hinges, and the upper half by glass doors, showing the shelves within. Clusters of fruit, heads of lions and owls, and two or three Roman busts appear in skillful carving on the face; the sides are plain panels. A sideboard of the same wood, which likewise belonged to NAPOLEON, is still retained by the DAY family.

—HERMAN DOWD, who has just graduated No. 2 at West Point in a class of forty-eight, won his appointment four years ago at a competitive examination of students in the public schools in the Congressional District represented by Hon. S. S. COX. He is a son of WILLIAM DOWD, Esq., president of the Bank of North America, and for many years prominently connected with the Board of Education. On entering the Military Academy young DOWD at once took position among the best men of his class, and from that day to his graduation maintained it without the least falling off, and now closes his academic course with its second honor. J. R. WILLIAMS, who graduates at the head, is from Newburgh, New York, and belongs to a family of soldiers, his father and two grandfathers having been generals in the United States service.

—GIBBON's library, which he took so much care to collect, and of which he was so fond and proud, remained for several years in charge of a personal friend at Lausanne, his relations declining the heavy expense of its removal to England, where it would have sold well at the time. It was offered for sale at $5000, but found no purchaser. Finally an English gentleman bought half of it for $2500. The bindings were in the old-fashioned, good, solid, substantial style. The other half remained for a long time without a purchaser, and was finally sold piecemeal. The English gentleman, who quitted Switzerland in 1845, sold his purchase to a Swiss gentleman of condition, who finally presented it to the present possessor in requital for kindnesses. This owner resides in the neighborhood of Geneva.

—The first vote ever cast in Cincinnati by an American citizen of Chinese birth was at the recent municipal election, by a Chinaman named JOSEPH SING. He voted the Democratic ticket.

—The Boston *Post* has been purchased by an association at the head of which are GEORGE E. EMERY, F. E. GOODRICH, and WILLIAM B. SMART. Mr. EMERY has had experience as a Democratic editor in Maine, Mr. GOODRICH has for a year past been the *Post's* managing editor, and Mr. SMART is its senior reporter, and one of the oldest, Smartest, and best known of Boston reporters.

—The next Commencement of Union College will be doubly interesting by being the fiftieth anniversary of the connection of Professor ISAAC W. JACKSON with the faculty. The Commencement address will be delivered by Governor TILDEN.

—The students of the university at Rome have begun a movement to erect a monument to GIORDANO BRUNO, the Italian mathematician, who was burned as a heretic at Venice, February 17, 1600. Our mathematicians who have been singed ought not to be so long neglected.

—The funeral of "George Sand" at her country place at Nohant had something of the character of a public pageant. Thousands of people were present, though a heavy rain prevailed. Prince JEROME NAPOLEON and ALEXANDRE DUMAS were among the pall-bearers, and PAUL MEURICE read a eulogy written by VICTOR HUGO.

—When the widow of RUBINI, the celebrated tenor, died, about two years ago, it was announced that she had left the bulk of her property to a town called Romano, in Lombardy, her husband's birth-place. It is understood that the money will be applied to the foundation of an orphan asylum for boys, a home for musical artists, and a college to consist of eight separate classes of students. Signora RUBINI died very rich, and her property will be carefully utilized.

—The Byron Memorial Fund now amounts to about $15,000.

—It is understood in literary circles in London that Mr. DISRAELI is writing a new novel, a continuation of *Lothair*.

—Prince DORIA PAMFILI, who died lately at Rome, desiring to do the best that in his opinion was possible, left $1000 for the celebration of 2000 requiem masses for his soul's rest. The better class of priests do not seem to care to walk two miles outside of the walls to church to gain the stipulated fifty cents, and the poorer ones have got into a hot newspaper controversy for the privilege. The prince put his figure too low. A "quarter eagle" would have secured a good deal of first-class ecclesiastical talent.

—Miss LOUISA ALCOTT has certain notions about philanthropy, which have just found their way to the great public through the medium of the following anecdote: Some time ago, in company with a few friends, she visited the State-prison at Charlestown, Massachusetts. With the party was an old philanthropist whose head was filled with impracticable theories, which are the bore of those who believe that constraint is the remedy for license, and punishment a very essential concomitant of justice. Approaching the bars in the prison octagon while the convicts were marching with lock-step along the corridors, this venerable old gentleman, with lengthened face and eyes full of saline sympathy, turned to Miss ALCOTT and said, "My dear Miss ALCOTT, just consider that these poor creatures are human beings like ourselves" ("God forbid!" said Miss ALCOTT)—"beings with eternal souls, locked up here by the stern hand of law, shut in from all intercourse with the outside world: it is indeed terrible." "Well, I don't know," said Miss ALCOTT, with a twinkle in her bright eyes; "I don't think the stern hand of the law could be in better business, and as for the locks, why, Heaven bless the lock-smiths!"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: On the 13th of June the House, by a rising vote, unanimously adopted the report of Mr. Clymer's committee completely exonerating Speaker Kerr from the Harney charges. A bill was reported by the House Committee on Territories as a substitute for the bill to regulate the elective franchise in Utah, introduced in the House by Mr. Luttrell, and previously introduced in the Senate by Mr. Christiancy. The substitute provides a general election law for all the Territories, requiring, among other things, that all voting shall be done by ballots inclosed in envelopes of uniform size, to be supplied by the Secretary of the Territory. Mr. Christiancy's section in regard to polygamy is materially modified, so as to restrict the elective franchise simply to male citizens of the age of twenty-one years and upward who are not bigamists or polygamists at the time they offer to vote, and who are otherwise qualified by the usual term of residence, etc.—The House Committee on Appropriations reported the Army Appropriation Bill. The sum appropriated is $23,155,077, or $10,193,631 less than the estimate. The pay of leading officers is fixed as follows: general, $12,000; lieutenant-general, $9000; major-general, $7000; brigadier-general, $5500; colonel, $3500. The number of cavalry regiments is reduced to eight, and of artillery and infantry regiments to twenty-three. The House passed the joint resolution proposing to modify the treaty with China so as to reserve to each government reciprocally the right to regulate, restrict, or prevent immigration except for commercial purposes.—On the 13th the House voted non-concurrence in the Senate amendments to the Post-office Appropriation Bill. The Senate, on the 12th, adjourned till the 15th, as several members were absent at the Cincinnati Convention.—On the 15th the Senate appointed a committee to confer with the House committee on the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill.

The National Republican Convention organized at Cincinnati June 14. Mr. Theodore M. Pomeroy, of New York, was appointed temporary chairman, and Mr. Edward M'Pherson, of Pennsylvania, president. Mr. George William Curtis read the address of the New York Reform Club. The platform was adopted, without division, on the 15th. It declares the United States a nation, and not a league; insists that every American citizen shall be secured complete liberty and exact equality in the exercise of all civil, political, and public rights; demands that Senators and Representatives, who may be judges and accusers, should not dictate appointments to office; recommends an amendment to the Constitution forbidding the application of any public funds or property for the benefit of any school or institution under sectarian control; and favors the immediate investigation by Congress of the effect of Chinese immigration on the moral and material interests of the country.

The Delaware Democratic State Convention met at Dover, June 13, elected delegates to the St. Louis Convention, with instructions to vote as a unit for Senator Bayard for the Presidency. The Maine Democrats met the same day at Bangor, elected delegates, declared Governor Tilden their first choice, and voted against the two-thirds rule in the National Convention. The Arkansas Democrats met at Little Rock, June 14, nominated W. R. Miller for Governor. The North Carolina Democrats met at Raleigh, June 15, and nominated Z. B. Vance for Governor.

Henry B. Anthony was, on June 13, re-elected United States Senator from Rhode Island.

FOREIGN NEWS.

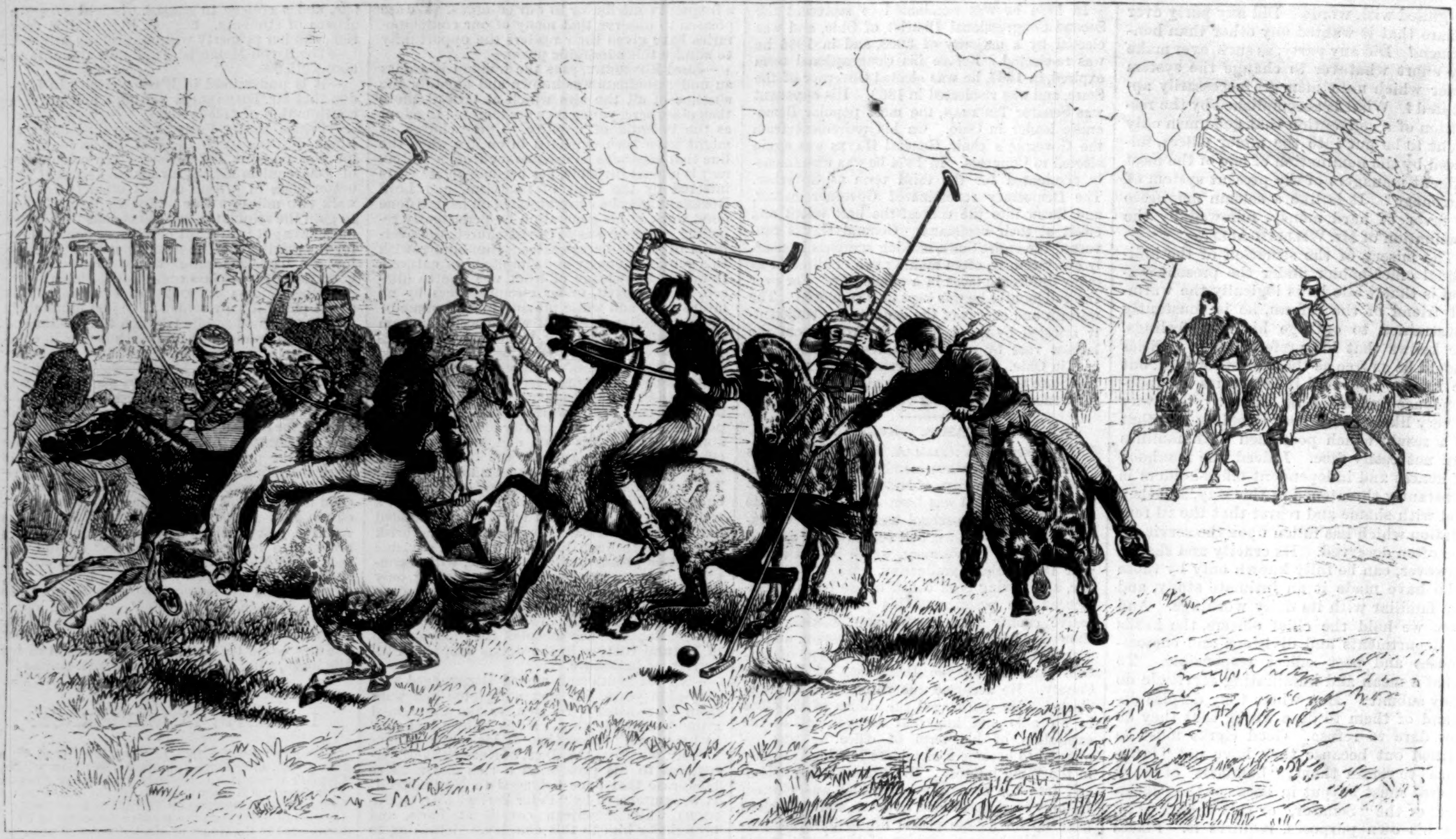
THE British House of Commons, June 12, read a second time the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill, which retains the House of Lords as the final Court of Appeals, and provides for a certain number of salaried judges to sit in that House as Lords of Appeal. On the 14th, the House again rejected Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Permissive Liquor Bill, by a vote of 299 to 81.

Serious inundations have occurred in Eastern Switzerland, caused by heavy rains and the melting of the snow in the mountains. The railways are much damaged. The whole canton of Thurgau is submerged. Many lives have been lost.

The report of the Royal Commission on the fugitive slave question arising from the Admiralty circulars has been presented to the British Parliament. It recommends that while commanders of men-of-war should abstain from any active interference with slavery in a country where it is a legal institution, yet they should not be altogether prohibited from exercising discretion as to returning fugitive slaves on board their vessels.

M. Waddington, French Minister of Public Instruction, has informed the Budget Committee that the government has decided to accept the principle of compulsory primary education. The minister proposes to organize a great university at each of the following cities, Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux, and Nancy, each university having a separate staff.

A special dispatch from Berlin to the London *Morning Post* reports that Prince Milan of Servia has sent an autograph letter to Constantinople acknowledging his allegiance to Murad. Vienna dispatches state that Austria and Russia have agreed to prevent any further assistance from reaching the insurgents. They have also resolved to strongly recommend the insurgent chiefs to negotiate with Turkey.

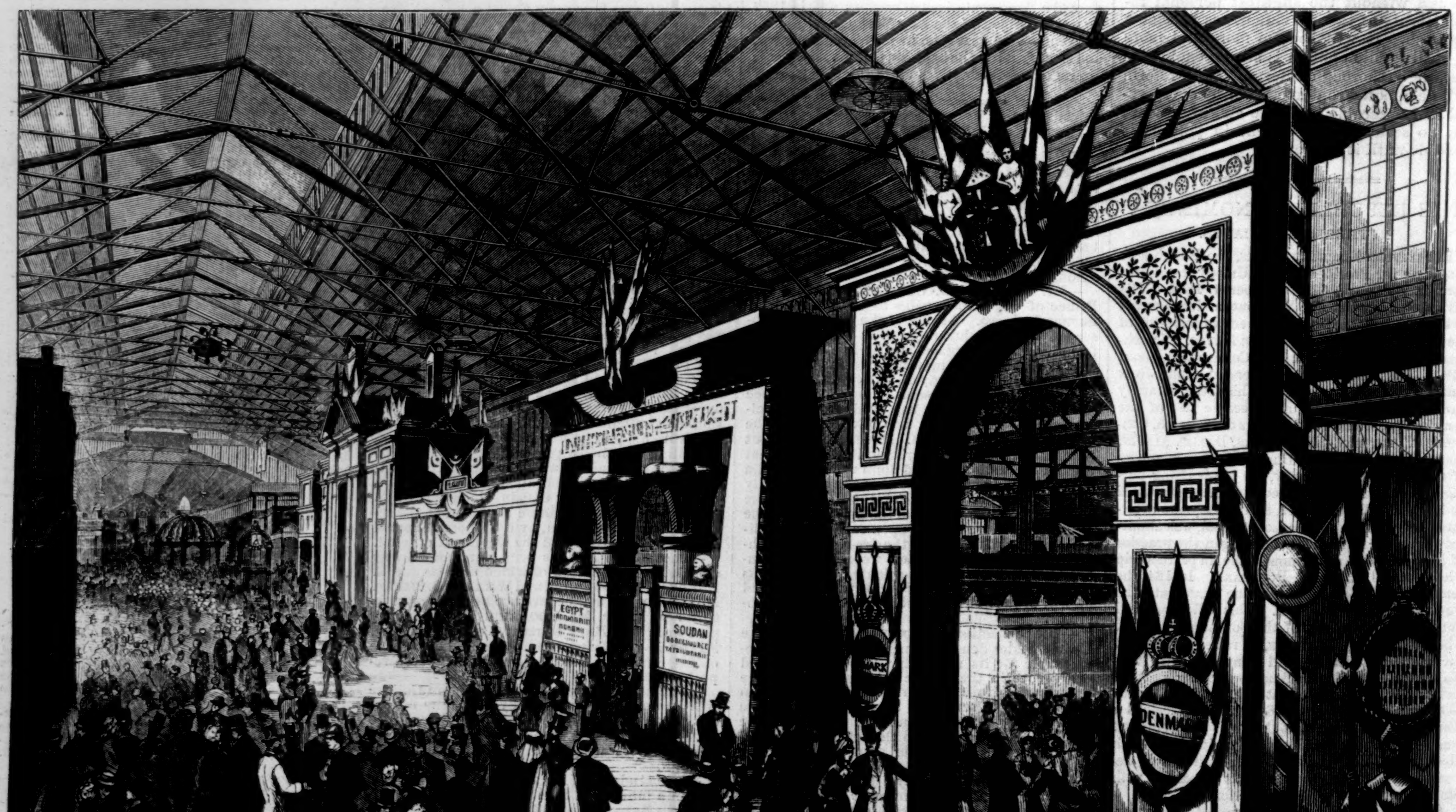


THE WESTCHESTER POLO CLUB—MATCH GAME FOR THE CHALLENGE CUP.—[Drawn by I. P. Pranishnikoff.]

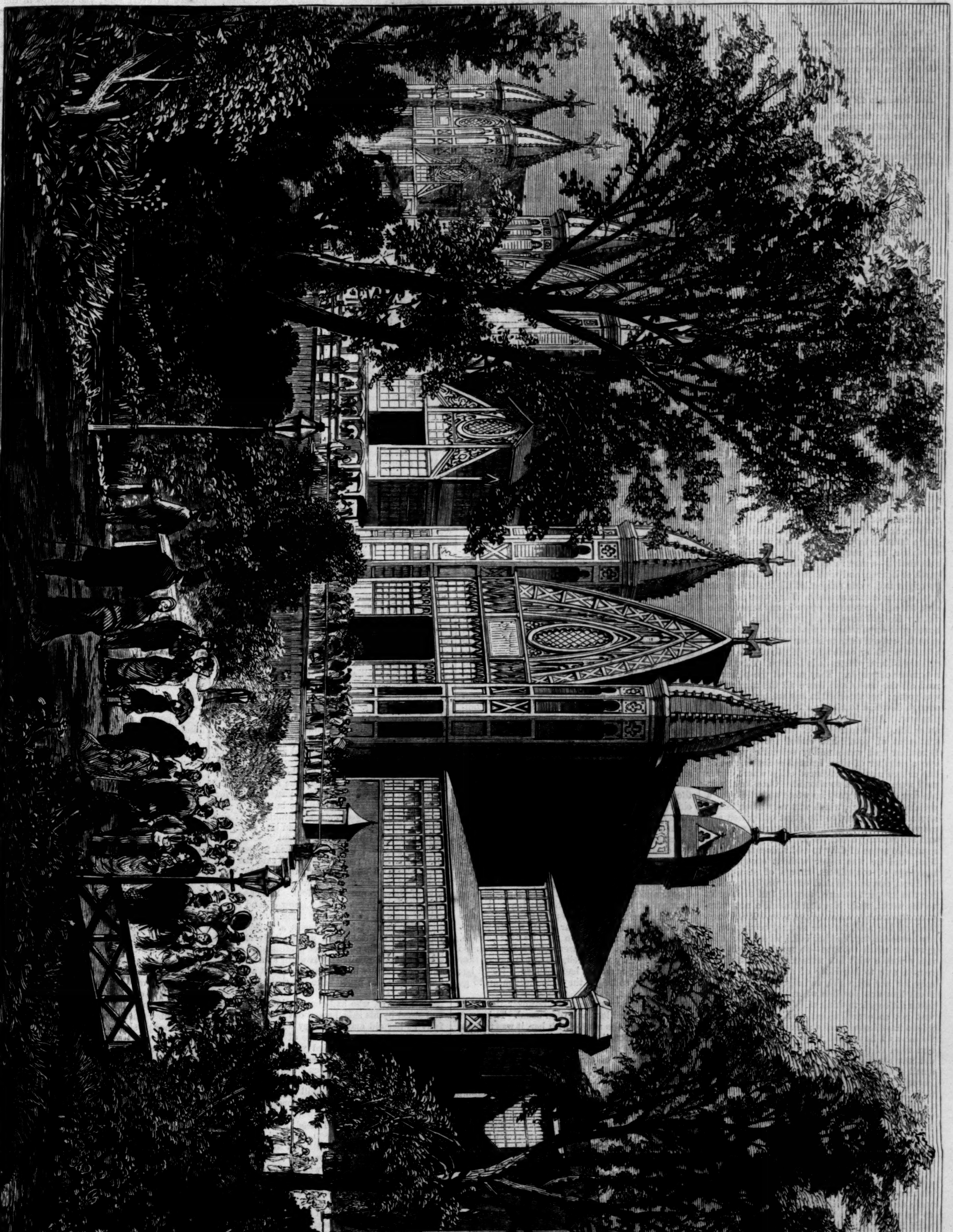
A POLO MATCH.

The exhilarating and healthful game of polo has already become quite popular among New Yorkers, and a large number of invited spectators gathered at the grounds of the Westchester Polo Club, at Jerome Park, on the afternoon of June 6, to witness the first of the series of match games to be played for the Challenge Cup presented to the club by its president, J. G. Bennett, Esq. The game was commenced about half past six, after the races. The club grounds were in fine order, and the playing was very spirited. According to the terms under which the cup was presented to the club, the owners of the first ten names that were drawn from among those of the eighteen playing members of the club were to play the first game, the first five against the second five. The side making the greatest number of goals during an hour and a quarter was to be the winner of this game, and the winners were to play on the following Saturday against the next five drawn from the remaining eight members of the club, and so on every following Saturday until the cup is won in three successive matches by one side, when it becomes their personal property. In the game we illustrate the "Blues" defeated the "Reds" by a score of eight to two; but the playing on both sides was animated and skillful.

Polo is a modification of a game which the officers of the British army learned in India, something like the old-fashioned game of "shinny." The English officers, finding the Indian climate unfavorable to scampering on foot after a ball, discovered that they could mount a pony and play the game equally well, and with less fatigue to themselves. By the rules of the Westchester Club, the limit as to the height of the ponies has been fixed at fourteen hands, and the mallets to be used must be four feet eight inches in length. The ponies are "hog-maned," and their tails are cut short. They are Mexican mustangs of the best breed, the finest that money could secure. Careful training in the game has made the ponies very docile and obedient to the slightest touch of the bit, a matter of extreme importance to polo players.



THE CENTENNIAL—DENMARK AND EGYPT, MAIN BUILDING.—[See Page 534.]



THE CENTENNIAL—AGRICULTURAL HALL.—Drawn by G. Perkins, from a Sketch by W. H. Gibson.—[See Page 534.]

JUNE AND HER ROSES.

Sunny-eyed June awoke one day,
And over the mountains peeping,
Cried to the roses, "Come! awake!
Too long have we both been sleeping!"
And the light from her face so bright and fair
Gave warmth to the landscape every where.

Then hastening down from the mountain-side,
Sunny-eyed June sped lightly,
And where she wandered the blossoms grew,
And lifted their fair heads brightly.
Earth's heart grew warm with responsive thrill,
And bowed to its Queen's magnetic will.

But over the thorny, climbing vines
By road-side hedges growing
She lingered most, with caressing touch
Her wonderful love bestowing;
And presently every vine grew fair
With a wreath of roses rich and rare.

Oh, where is the heart that fails to give
A welcome true and loyal
To the bright June roses, as fast they come,
Fashioned by hands so royal!
Oh, never was lovelier month, I ween,
Than beautiful June, our Summer Queen!

CARITÀ.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE BERESFORDS.

James Beresford and Annie his wife had been married for more than a dozen years—their only child, indeed, had nearly attained the age of twelve at the time when this history begins. They had both got footing on that plateau of middle age which, if it comes to something like level ground at thirty, need not think of a descending step for twenty years—the time of the greatest enjoyments and most solid progress of life. He was at one end and she at the other of the first decade; the one approaching the forties, the other scarcely well out of the twenties; both ready to laugh at the advance of years, which was as yet but a joke to them, and neither having thought of bidding any grave farewell to youth. She was impulsive, enthusiastic, and nervous; he philosophical and speculative—a man ready to discuss any theory in earth or heaven, and without any prejudices such as might make one subject of discussion appear less legitimate than another. They were not very rich, but neither were they poor in any sense of the word. He had been called to the Bar, but had never gone any further in that career. They had enough between them to live on without show, but without pinching, as so many people of quietly social, semi-literary tastes do in London. They knew a number of people. They saw all the pictures, read all the books, and heard all the music that was going; not absorbed in any art, but with just enough devotion to all to make their life full and pleasant. And there could scarcely be a pleasanter life. The fantasies of youth, but not the sentiment of youth, had ended for both. Mr. Beresford had some mildly scientific pursuits, was a member of some learned societies, and of one or two new and advanced clubs where clever men were supposed to abound. Occasionally in his comfortable library he wrote an article for a review or magazine, which was very much talked about by his friends, to the great edification and amusement of people who live by writing articles and say nothing about them. This gave him an agreeable sense of duty to add seriousness to his life; and he was never without occupation—meetings of committees, scraps of semi-public business, educational and other projects, which, for the moment at least, seemed full of interest to the world, made him feel himself a not unimportant, certainly not a useless, man. Mrs. Beresford, on her side, had the natural occupation of her housekeeping, and her child, whose education gave her much thought—so much thought that many people with full nurseries listened with a certain awe to her ideas of all that was necessary for her little girl, and sighed to think how much less was possible when there were six or seven little girls to think of. The child, however, was not so overeducated and overcared-for as might have been fancied; for the parents were young, as I have said, very fond of each other, and fond of their own way; which attachments did not consist with the burden of dragging a small child with them wherever they went. The Beresfords liked to go about "honey-mooning," as their friends called it, and as they themselves were not displeased to call it, by themselves, over the world. They would start sometimes quite suddenly, to the Riviera in the middle of winter, to escape London fogs and wintry chills; to Paris at Easter; to Scotland in the autumn; even to Norway sometimes, or such difficult places: and it stood to reason that they could not take the child with them when they started quite suddenly on these delightful journeys. For these journeys were delightful. They were well enough off not to require to count the cost; they went lightly, with little luggage and no servants; and they went every where together. But it would have been bad for the little girl; therefore she staid at home, under the care of the best of nurses, who had been Mrs. Beresford's nurse before the child's; and the father and mother, like two lovers, roamed lightly about the world. But when they were at home, Mrs. Beresford talked a great deal about education, and had plans enough to have educated six princesses, let alone one little girl of undistinguished lineage. It was a very lucky thing for all parties, their friends said, that they had but this one child. Had they been hampered by half a dozen, what could they have done? It would have changed their life completely. And one of their many felicities was, that whereas they were preserved from the old-maidishness of childless married persons by having a child, their freedom of action was preserved by the fact that they had but one.

And they were wonderfully free of other relations who might have hampered them. Mrs. Beresford had been an orphan from her childhood, brought up by her grandmother, who in the course of nature was dead too; and Mr. Beresford's only two relations were a wealthy aunt, Charity Beresford, who lived in a pretty house in the country, within driving distance of London, and with whom lived his elder sister, Cherry Beresford, named after her aunt, and living in considerable subjugation to that energetic woman. Miss Beresford was the richest member of the family, and her nephew had expectations from her, and Charity was the favorite female name of this branch of the race. But the idea of calling her child Charity did not at all smile upon young Mrs. Beresford when her baby was born. She was beguiled, however, by the unusual look of it, which charmed her into calling the little girl by the more melodious name of Carità, contracted prettily into Cara in the drawing-room, and Carry in the nursery. Aunt Charity growled when she heard of it, but did not otherwise complain, and gentle Aunt Cherry declared herself unfeignedly glad that her little niece had thus escaped the worse consequences of a symbolical name. When the young couple went away pleasuring, little Cara very often would be sent to Sunninghill, to pass the quiet days there under the charge of the aunts; and so all responsibility was removed from the minds of the parents. They had a letter sent to them every day to assure them of her welfare, however far off they might go—an extravagance which Aunt Charity condemned loudly, but which Aunt Cherry was proud of, as showing the devotion of the parents to little Cara. The child herself was very happy at Sunninghill, and was a much more prominent person there than at home, where very often she was in the way, and interrupted conversation. For a father and mother who are very fond of each other, and have a great deal to talk of, often, it must be allowed, are hampered by the presence of one curious child, with quick ears and an inconveniently good memory. In this particular the half dozen would have been more easily managed than the one.

Thus the Beresfords led a very pleasant life. They had the prettiest house—naturally, traveling so much as they did, they had been able to "pick up" a great many charming things. You could scarcely see their walls for pictures; some very good, one or two wonderful windfalls, and the rest pretty enough; nothing strikingly bad, or next to nothing. Where other people had ordinary china, they had genuine old faïence, and one or two plaques which Raphael himself might have seen perhaps—Urbino-ware, with Messer Giorgio's name upon it. Not to speak of the Venice point which Mrs. Beresford wore, there were brackets in the drawing-room hung with scraps of old *point coupé* which many a lady would have been glad to trim her dress with; and, instead of common *portières*, they had two pieces of old tapestry from an Italian convent which devotees went down on their knees before. But I have not space to tell you how many pretty things they had. It was one of the pleasures of their life whenever they saw any thing that pleased them to bring it home for the decoration of that pretty drawing-room, or the library, which Mr. Beresford had filled with old vellum-bound volumes of curious editions, and pretty books in Russia leather which kept the room always fragrant. What was wanting to this pleasant, warm, full, delightful living? Nothing but continuance; and it had not struck either of them that there was any doubt of this for long, long years at least. What a long way off threescore years and ten look when you are not yet forty! and death looked further off still. No one thought of dying. Why should they? For, to be sure, though we know very well that must happen to us sometimes, in our hearts we are incredulous, and do not believe that *we* ever can die. The Beresfords never dreamed of any thing so frightful. They were well, they were happy, they were young; and as it had been, so it would be; and a world so bright they felt must mean to go on forever.

When Cara was about ten, however, the mother began to feel less well than usual. There was nothing much the matter with her, it was thought—want of "tone"—a little irritability of disposition—a nervous temperament. What she wanted was change of air and scene. And she got that, and got better, as was thought; but then became ill again. No, not ill—unwell, indisposed, *mal à son aise*, nothing more. There was nothing the matter with her really, the doctors thought. Her lungs and her heart, and all vital organs, were perfectly sound; but there was a little local irritation which, acting upon a nervous temperament— The nervous temperament was perpetually kept in the front, and all sorts of evils imputed to its agency. At Sunninghill, it must be confessed, they did not believe in the illness at all.

"Fudge," said Aunt Charity, who had always been strong, and had no faith in nerves, "don't talk to me of your nervous temperaments. I know what it means. It means that Annie has fallen sick of always having her own way. She has every thing she can desire, and she is ill of having nothing more to wish for. A case of Alexander over again in a London drawing-room—that's what it is, and nothing else, my word upon it; and I know my niece."

"Yes, Mr. Maxwell, perhaps there is some truth in what Aunt Charity says," said Miss Cherry. "I think you know I don't judge harshly—"

"That means that *I* judge harshly," said Miss Charity, bursting in. "Thank you, my dear. Well, you may call me uncharitable if you please; but there's where it is. Let James lose the half of his fortune, or all his china get broken, and she'd come round in no time—that's what ails Annie. But as she belongs to a very refined society, and has a silly husband, it's called nerves. Bless me, Cherry, I hope I knew what nerves were, and all about it, before you were born."

"You could not know Annie before I was born," said Miss Cherry, who was devoid of imagination. "I hope you will give her your best attention, Mr. Maxwell. My brother James is a very fond husband, poor fellow! If any thing happened to Annie, he would never get the better of it. As for marrying again, or any thing of that sort—"

"Good heavens!" said the doctor; "I hope there is no need to take such an idea into consideration. We must not go so fast."

Miss Charity laughed. She was a great deal older than her niece, but much more sensible. "There's the seventh commandment to be thought of," she said; for her remarks were sometimes more free than they ought to be, and put Miss Cherry to the blush: and this was all the worse because she immediately walked out into the garden through the open window and left the younger lady alone with the doctor, who was an old friend of the family, and contemporary of the second Charity Beresford. Very old friends they were; even it was supposed that in their youth there had been or might have been passages of sentiment between these two now sitting so calmly opposite each other. Dr. Maxwell, however, by this time was a widower, and not at all sentimental. He laughed too as Miss Beresford made her exit by the window. He was very well used to the family and all its ways.

"*She* wears very well," he said, reflectively. "I don't think she has aged to speak of for these twenty years. When I used to be coming here in my early days, when I was beginning practice—"

"The rest of us have changed very much since then."

"Yes," said Dr. Maxwell, thinking most of himself; "but she not at all. I could think when I look at her that I was still, as I say, a young fellow beginning practice—"

Miss Cherry sighed—very softly, but still she did sigh: over forty, but still in the position and with many of the sentiments of a girl. People laugh at the combination, but it is a touching one on the whole. What ages of lingering monotonous life had passed over her since her present companion began his practice, since her aunt Charity had begun to be an old woman! Dr. Maxwell had married, had lost his wife, had gone through perhaps sharper troubles than Miss Cherry had known. He was now middle-aged and stoutish and weather-beaten—weather-beaten in aspect and in soul—while she was slim and soft and maidenly still. The sigh was half for those uneventful years, and half for the undevelopment which she was conscious of—the unchangedness of herself, underneath the outer guise, which was changed; but this was not safe ground, nor could it be talked of. So she brushed away the sigh with a little cough, and added, quickly,

"I know perhaps what nerves are better than my aunt does, and I know Annie better. Tell me seriously, Mr. Maxwell, now we are alone. You don't apprehend any thing serious? Should she go on traveling and running about as they do, if there is really any thing the matter? No one can be so much interested as I am. You would be quite frank with me?"

"It is the best thing for her," said the doctor. "You, now—I should not say the same for you. You are a tranquil person and patient; but for her, the more she runs about the better. It distracts her and keeps her from thinking. If she worries, it's all over with a woman like that."

"She has so little to worry about."

"Just so; and the less one has to bear the less one is fit for; that is to say," said the doctor, getting up and going to the window, "the less some people are fit for. There's that old aunt of yours to prove me a fool. She has never had any thing to bear, that I know of, and she is strong enough to bear any thing. Sixty-eight, and just look at her. There's a physique for you. That is the kind of woman," Mr. Maxwell said, with a little outburst of professional enthusiasm, "that I admire—as straight as a rod still, and every faculty in good order. That a woman like that should never have married is a loss to the world."

Miss Cherry, who had gone to the window too, and stood by his side, looked out somewhat wistfully at her old aunt. Cherry was not like her, but took after the other side of the family, her own mother, who had died young, and had not possessed any physique to speak of. "It is very sweet to-day in the garden," she said, inconsequently, and stepped out into the world of flowers and sunshine. Sunninghill was an ideal house for two ladies, a place which people who were shut out from such delights considered quite enough for happiness. Indeed, Miss Cherry Beresford's friends in general resented deeply the little plaintive air she sometimes took upon her. "What could she wish for more?" they said, indignantly; "a place that was just too good to be wasted on two single women. There should be a family in it." This was especially the sentiment of the rector's wife, who was a friend of Cherry's, and who felt it a personal slight to herself, who had a large family and many cares, when Cherry Beresford, with not a thing in the world to trouble her, presumed to look as if she was not quite happy. The house stood upon a hill, fringed round with small but delightful woods. These woods were on a level with the highest turrets of the great beautiful royal Castle of St. George, which lay full within sight in the afternoon sunshine. So you may imagine what a view it was which was visible from the old smooth velvet lawn round the house, which formed the apex to these woods. The quiet plain all around lay basking in the light underneath, and the Castle upon its hill dominated, with a broad and placid grandeur, that majestic sweep of country, with all its lights and shadows. The royal flag fluttered on the breeze; the great tower rose gray and solid against the sky. Green branches framed in this picture on every side; the cuttings in the trees made a picture-gallery indeed of different views for different hours, according to the lights. "What a lovely place it is!" Mr. Maxwell said, with sudden enthusiasm; "I always forget how lovely it is till I come back."

"Yes, it is beautiful," said Cherry, who was used to it. "If you are going to send them away, I suppose Cara may come to us for the summer?—that makes such a difference." Cherry was very well used to the different lights. She acknowledged the beauty of her home, and yet I can fancy circumstances under which she would have liked a pretty little house in a street better. Man, nor woman either, can not live by beauty alone, any more than by bread.

"Here's a pretty business," said Miss Beresford, briskly; "half of my roses, I believe, spoiled for this year. No second show this time. Jones is the greatest idiot; he pretends to know every thing, and he knows nothing. Your *protégé*, Cherry, of course. All the incapables hang on by you."

"I can't see any signs of deficiency," said the doctor, looking round.

"Not at this moment; if there were, he should go on the spot. If those two go off again, as you are always sending them off, tell James I insist on the child coming here. Ah, that's what your women of nervous temperament do—leave their children at home in a poky London square, while they go wandering over the world. Tell them I wish it," said Miss Beresford, with a laugh; "they never go against me."

"They know how kind you always are."

"They know I'm old and will have something to leave behind me, that's the plain English—as if I was going to accept poor Cherry's subjection, poor soul, without rewarding her for it. It is she who will have every thing when I'm gone. I've told them that, but still they think there's a chance that Cara might cut her old aunt out. I can see through them. I see through most people," she added, with a laugh, looking at him full. How could she know the thought passing through his mind at that moment, which was the abrupt reflection, uncalled for perhaps, that for a professional man, who had made no extraordinary name in his profession, Cherry Beresford, though an old maiden, would not make such a bad wife? Could the old witch see through broadcloth, and the comfortable coating of middle-aged flesh and blood, straight into a man's heart? He grew red foolishly, as if that were possible, and stammered a little in his reply:

"I can believe every thing that is clever of you as well as every thing that is kind; though why you ladies should make such a point of having a little chit like that, who can only disturb your quiet in this paradise of a place—"

"Oh, how can you say so!" said Cherry. "The child's voice and the child's face make all the difference—they are better than sunshine. They make the place beautiful. I would give it all, twenty times over, to have the child."

"Whom her mother is very glad to leave behind her."

"Hold your tongue, Cherry," said the elder lady; "you mild little old maids, you are always in a way about children. I never took up that line. A child in the abstract is a nuisance. Now a man—there are advantages about a man. Sometimes he's a nuisance too, but sometimes he's a help. Believe them, and they'll tell you that marriage was always far from their thoughts, but that children are their delight. That's not my way of thinking. But I happen to like little Cara because she is Cara, not because she is a child. So she may come and take her chance with the rest."

Cherry had turned away along the garden path, and was looking through one of the openings at one of the views. She knew it by heart—exactly how the light fell, and where were the shadows, and the name of every tower, and almost the shape of every cloud. Was it wonderful that this was not so delightful to her as to the strangers who could not see that view every day in their lives? To some people, indeed, the atmospheric changes, the effects of wind and color, the warnings and dispersions of those clouds, would have made poetry enough to fill up all that was wanting; but poor Miss Cherry was not poetical in this big way, though she was very fond of pretty verses, and even wrote some occasionally; but how she longed for the child's innocent looks—the child's ceaseless prattle! Her gentle delicacy was hurt at that unnecessary gibe about the old-maidishness, and her supposed sham rejection of the husband who had never come that way. "Why should she talk of men—especially before *him?* What do I want with men?" said poor Miss Cherry to herself; "but my own niece—my brother's child—surely I may wish for her." And surely there could not have been a more innocent wish.

CHAPTER II.

A FRIGHT.

"Which you please—you are not gouty or rheumatical, or any thing of that sort," said Mr. Maxwell, almost gayly. "Homburg, for instance—Homburg would do—or Baden, if you prefer that. I incline to the one you prefer; and enjoy yourself as much as you can—that is my prescription. Open air, novelty, change; and if you find you don't relish one place, go to another. The sea, if you take a fancy for the sea; and Sir William is of my opinion exactly. Choose the place which amuses you most."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Beresford, "that these wise men are laughing at you, Annie. They know there's nothing the matter with you. If I was not much obliged to them for thinking so, I should say you had some reason to be offended.

One knows what you doctors mean when you tell a patient to do whatever one likes best."

"It means one of two things," said Mrs. Beresford—"either that it is nothing, or that it is hopeless."

Her husband burst into a soft laugh. "Well," he said, "it is very evident it can not be the last—so it must be as I say. It is injurious to our pride, my darling; for I allow that it is pleasant to possess, either in your own person or your wife's, a delicate and mysterious malady, of which it can be said that it baffles the doctors, without very much hurting the patient; but never mind. If you can bear this disrespectful verdict that you have nothing the matter with you, I assure you it makes me quite happy."

Mrs. Beresford looked at the doctor with very keen, eager eyes—eyes which had grown bigger and keener of late, perhaps from the failing of the round, smooth outlines of the face. She noticed that, though Maxwell saw very well that she was looking at him, he did not reply to those looks, but rather turned to her husband and answered him, as if he had not noticed her.

"I don't mean to be disrespectful," he said; "there is a little disturbance of the system, that is sometimes as serious as you could desire, and takes away the comfort of life perhaps more completely than a regular disease; but I hope that is not likely to happen here."

"No, I don't think it," said the easy man. "We shall try Baden, which is the prettiest—unless you prefer some other place; in short, we shall go off without guide or compass, and do exactly what pleases ourselves. We have done so, it must be allowed, pretty often before; but to do it with the sanction of the faculty—"

"And the child—as usual—will go to Sunninghill?"

"Why should you say as usual, Mr. Maxwell?" said Mrs. Beresford, with a suspicion of offense. "Do you think I should take her with me? Do you suppose, perhaps, that I might not come back again?—that I might never—see—"

"This is so unnecessary," said the doctor, remonstrating. "What must I say? I wish I was as certain of a thousand a year. You will come back quite well, I hope."

"When people are very ill don't you say much the same things to them? There was poor Susan Maitland, whom you banished to Italy to die. People talked of her coming back again. Oh no! I am not thinking of myself, but of the subject in general. One needed only to look in her face to see that she would never come back."

"People have different ideas of their duty," said Maxwell. "Some think it best not to frighten a patient with thoughts of death. I don't know that one can lay down any rule. One is guided by circumstances. To some nervous people it is best not to say any thing. Some are more frightened than others—just as some people are more susceptible to pain than others."

"Now I am going to ask you another question," said Mrs. Beresford. "Suppose you had a patient very ill—I mean hopelessly ill, beyond all cure—do you think it is right to keep them alive as you do now, struggling to the last, staving off every new attack that might carry them off in quiet, fighting on and on to the last moment, and even prolonging that, when it comes so far, with cordials and stimulants? Keeping their breath in their poor suffering bodies till you get to the end of your resources—your dreadful cruel resources, that is what I call them. Do you think this is right? I had an aunt who died dreadfully—of cancer."

"Ah! An aunt? You did not tell me this," said the doctor, off his guard; then, recovering himself, with something that looked like alarm, he said, hurriedly, "What would you have us do?—kill the poor creatures?—neglect them?—refuse what aid, what alleviations we can—"

"I'll tell you what I should like you to do if it were me," she said, eagerly. "When it was all over, when you were sure I could not get better, when there was nothing more in life but to suffer—suffer, then I should like you to make a strong, sweet dose for me to put me out of my trouble. I should like James to give it me. Do you remember what was said that time in India, in the mutiny? I don't know if it was true, but people said it. That the husbands of some of the poor ladies kissed them and shot them, to save them; don't you remember? That is what I should like you to do—a sweet, strong dose; and James would bring it to me and kiss me, and put it to my lips. That would be true love!" she said, growing excited, the pale roses in her cheeks becoming hectic red; "that would be true friendship, Mr. Maxwell! Then I should not be afraid. I should feel that you two stood between me and anguish, between me and agony—"

Both the men rose to their feet as if to restrain her vehemence, with one impulse. "My darling! my darling!" said James Beresford, in dismay, "what are you thinking of?" As for Mr. Maxwell, he walked to the window and looked out, his features working painfully. There was a moment in which the husband and wife clung together, he consoling her with every assuring word he could think of, she clinging to him with long hysterical sobs. "My love, what has put this into your head?" he said, half sobbing too, yet pretending to laugh. "My Annie, what fancy is this? Have you lost your wits, my darling? Why, this is all folly; it is a dream; it is a craze you have taken into your head. Here is Maxwell will tell you—"

Here Maxwell made him a sign over his wife's head so impassioned and imperative that the man was struck dumb for the moment. He gazed blankly at the doctor, then stooped down to murmur fond words less distinct and articulate in her ear. Fortunately she was too much excited, too much disturbed, to notice this sudden pause, or that the doctor said nothing in response to her husband's appeal. She held fast by his arm and sobbed, but gradually grew calmer, soothed by his tenderness, and after a while made a half-smiling, tearful apology for her weakness. It was after dinner on a lovely summer evening, not more than twilight, though it was late. The two gentlemen had been lingering over their claret, while she lay on the sofa waiting for them, for she did not choose to be shut up up stairs all by herself, she said. After she had recovered they went to the drawing-room, where the windows were all open, and a couple of softly burning lamps lit up the twilight with two half-veiled moons of light. There was not a lovely prospect as at Sunninghill, nothing, indeed, but the London square, where a few trees vegetated, just room enough for the dews to fall, and for "the little span of sky and little lot of stars" to unfold themselves. But even London air grows soft with that musical effect of summer, and the sounds of passing voices and footsteps broke in with a faint, far-off sound as in dreams. The country itself could not have been more peaceful. Mrs. Beresford, half ashamed of herself, sat down at the little bright tea-table just within the circle of one of the lamps, and made tea, talking with a little attempt at gayety, in which, indeed, the natural revulsion of relief after that outbreak of alarm and melancholy was evident. It was she now who was the soul of the little party, for the doctor was moody and preoccupied, and her husband watched her with an anxiety almost too great to be kept within the bounds of ordinary attention. She rose, however, to the occasion. She began to talk of their probable travels, of Baden and Homburg, and all the other places which had been suggested to her. "We shall be as well known about the world as the Wandering Jew," she said; "better, for he had not a wife; and now that we have nearly exhausted Europe, there will be nothing for us but the East, or Egypt—suppose we go to Egypt? that would be original."

"Not at all original," said Mr. Maxwell, who seemed half to resent her new-born gayety. "All the cockneys in the world go to Egypt. Mr. Cook does the Pyramids regularly; and as for Jerusalem, it is common, common as Margate, and the society not much unlike."

"Margate is very bracing, I have always heard," said Mrs. Beresford, "and much cheaper than a German bath. What do you say to saving money, James, and eating shrimps and riding donkeys? I remember being at Margate when I was a child. They say there is not such air any where, and Mr. Maxwell says that the sea, if I like the sea—"

"As for bracing air, my love, I think there is nothing like St. Moritz. Do you remember how it set me up after that—that—"

"Give him a big, well-sounding name, doctor," said Mrs. Beresford, laughing; "it was only a bilious attack. But, talking of the sea, there is Biarritz—that would do, don't you think? It is warm, and it *was* gay. After all, however, I don't think I care for the sea. The Italian lakes are fine in the autumn, and as it gets cooler we might get on perhaps to Florence, or even Rome—or Kamtchatka, or Timbuctoo, or the Great Sahara," she said, with a burst of laughter. "You are complaisance itself, you gentleman. Now I'll go and sing you something to reward you for humoring me to the top of my bent, and licensing me to go where I please."

She had a pretty voice, and sang well. The piano was at the other end of the room, the "back drawing-room" of the commonplace London house. The two men kept their places while she went away into the dim evening, and sat down there, scarcely visible, and sang. The soft, sweet voice, not powerful, but penetrating, rose like a bird in the soft gloom. James Beresford looked at the doctor with an entreating look of secret anguish as the first notes rose into the air, so liquid, so tender, so sweet.

"Are you afraid? tell me," he said, with pathetic brevity.

Maxwell could not bear this questioning. He started up, and went to look this time at a picture on the wall.

"I don't know that I have any occasion to be afraid," he said, standing with his back turned to his questioner, and quite invisible from the piano. "I'm—a nervous man for a doctor when I'm interested in a case—"

Here there was a pause, for she had ended the first verse of the song, and the low warble of the symphony was not enough to cover their voices.

"Don't speak of her as a case," said Beresford, low but eager, as the singing recommenced; "you chill my very blood."

"I didn't mean to," said the doctor, with colloquial homeliness; and he went away into the back drawing-room and sat down near the piano, to escape being questioned, poor Beresford thought, who sat still mournfully in the narrow circle of the lamp-light, asking himself whether there was really any thing to fear. The soft security of the house with all its open windows, the friendly voices heard outside, the subdued pleasant light, the sweet voice singing in the dimness, what a picture of safety and tranquillity it made! What should happen to disturb it? Why should it not go on forever? James Beresford's sober head grew giddy as he asked himself this question, a sudden new ache undreamed of before leaping up, in spite of him, into his heart. The doctor pretended to be absorbed in the song; he beat time with his fingers as the measure went on. Never in the memory of man had he shown so much interest in singing before. Was it to conceal something else, something which could not be put into words, against the peace of this happy house, which had come into his heart?

Fortunately, however, Beresford thought, his wife forgot all about that agitating scene for some days. She did not speak of it again, and for about a week after was unusually lively and gay, stronger and better than she had been for some time, and more light in heart, talking of their journey, and making preparations for it with all the pleasant little sentiments which their "honey-mooning" expeditions had always roused in her. When every thing was ready, however, the evening before they left home a change again came over her. Cara had been sent to Sunninghill with her nurse that day, and the child had been unwilling to go, and had clung to her mother with unusual pertinacity. Even when this is inconvenient it is always flattering; and perhaps Mrs. Beresford was pleased with the slight annoyance and embarrassment which it caused.

"Remember, James," she said, with some vivacity, as they sat together that evening, "this is to be the last time we go honey-mooning. Next time we are to be respectable old married people (as we are, with our almost grown-up daughter). She is nearly as tall as I am, the child! nearly eleven—and so very tall for her age."

"I think we might take her," said Beresford, who, indeed, had often wished for her before. "She is old enough to bear the traveling, and otherwise it would do her good."

"Yes, this must be the last time," she said, her voice suddenly dropping into a sigh, and her mood changing as rapidly. A house is dreary on the eve of departure. Boxes in the hall, pinafores on the furniture, the pretty china, the most valuable knickknacks, all carried away and locked up—even the habitual books disturbed from their places, the last *Pall Mall* on the table. The cloud came over her face as shadows flit over the hills, coming down even while she was speaking. "The last time," she said. "I can't help shivering. Has it grown cold? or is it that some one is walking over my grave, as people say?"

"Why, Annie, I never knew you were superstitious."

"No. It is a new thing for me; but that is scarcely superstition. And why should I care who walked over my grave? I must die some time or other, and be buried, unless they have taken to burning before then. But there is one thing I feel a great deal about," she added, suddenly. "I said it once before, and you were frightened, James. If you knew that I was going to die of a painful disease—*must* die—that nothing could happen to save me, that there was nothing before me but hopeless pain—James dear, listen to me!—don't you think you would have the courage for my sake to make an end of me, to put me out of my trouble?"

"Annie, for Heaven's sake don't talk so! It is nonsense, but it makes me unhappy."

"As a matter of speculation," she said, with a knowledge of his weakness, "you can't think it would be wrong to do this—do you, James?"

"As a matter of speculation," he said, and the natural man awoke in him. He forgot the pain the idea had caused him, and thought of it only as an idea; to put it in other words, the woman beguiled him, and he got upon one of his hobbies. "There are many things one allows as speculation which one is not fond of in fact. People must have a certain power over their own lives, and I think with you, my love, that it is no charity to keep infirm and suffering people just alive, and compel them to drag their existence on from day to day. Notwithstanding Heaven's canon 'gainst self-slaughter, I think people should be allowed a certain choice. I am not altogether against euthanasia; and if indeed recovery is hopeless, and life only pain—"

"Yes, James," she said, eagerly, her eyes lighting up, her cheeks flaming with the red of excitement, "I am glad you see it like that; one might go further, perhaps—when from any reason life was a burden; when one was useless, hopeless, unhappy—"

"Stop a little; we are going too fast," he said, with a smile, so entirely did the argument beguile him. "No one is justified in treating unhappiness like a mortal disease; unhappiness may pass away—does pass away, we all know, even when it seems worst. I can not allow that; neither would I let people judge which lives were useless, their own or other people's; but illness which was beyond the possibility of cure ought to be different; therefore, if the patient wished it, his wish, I think, should be law— Annie, my darling, what is this? what do you mean?"

She had suddenly risen from where she was sitting near him, and thrown herself half at his feet, half into his arms.

"Only this," she said; "promise me—promise me, James, if this should ever happen to me—if you had the assurance, not only from me, but from—the people who know—that I had a terrible complaint, that I could never get better—promise that you would put me out of pain, James; promise that you would give me something to deliver me. You would not stand by and see me going down, down into the valley of death, into misery and weariness and constant pain, and, O God! loathsomeness, James!"

She buried her head in his breast, clinging to him with a grasp which was almost fierce; her very fingers which held him appealing strenuously, forcing a consent from him. What could he say? He was too much distressed and horrified to know how to shape his answer. Fond words, caresses, soothings of every kind were all in vain for use at such a moment. "Far be it from you, my darling; far be it from you," he cried. "You! oh, how can you let your imagination cheat you so, my love! Nothing like this is going to happen, my Annie, my best, my dearest—"

"Ah!" she cried, "but if it were not imagination!—promise me, James."

Whether she did eventually wring this wild promise from him he never knew. He would have said any thing to calm her, and finally he succeeded; and having once more cleared her bosom of this perilous stuff, she regained her gayety, her courage and spirits, and they set off as cheerful as any pair of honey-moon travelers need wish to be. But after she had left him and gone to her room pacified and comforted that night, you may fancy what sort of a half hour that poor man had as he closed the windows, which had still been left open, and put out the lamps, as was his practice, for they were considerate people and did not keep their servants out of bed. He stepped out on the balcony and looked up at the moon, which was shedding her stream of silver light as impartially upon the London house-tops as if those white roofs had been forest trees. How still it seemed!—every one asleep or going to rest, for it was late—a few lights glimmering in high windows, a sensation of soft repose in the very air. God help this silent sleeping earth upon which even in her sleep dark evils were creeping! Was some one perhaps dying somewhere even at that serene moment, in the sweet and tranquil stillness? His heart contracted with a great pang. In the midst of life we are in death. Why had those haunting, terrible words come into his ears?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An enterprising but ignorant South American has sent to an Albany locomotive shop for one hundred "cow-catchers." He expects to use them in taking wild cattle on the plains of Paraguay, in place of the lasso.

A Classical Error.—The late lamented Lempriere tells us that Io was changed into a heifer; but we have lately gleaned from a doctor's prescription the following piece of information respecting the end of that young person: "Io-dide of potassium."

Commercial intelligence from Shanghai lately announced, "Tea tending downward." Do you call that news? Why, of course, whenever any body drinks tea he experiences its downward tendency.

Why is every teacher of music necessarily a good teacher?—Because he is a sound instructor.

The individual who broke the ice with his maiden speech was ultimately drowned in applause.

"Well, how do you like the looks of the varmint?" said a "Southwester" to a "down Easter," who was gazing with round-eyed wonder, and evidently for the first time, at a huge alligator, with wide-open jaws, on the muddy banks of the Mississippi. "Wa'al," replied the Yankee, "he ain't what yeou may call a *hansum* critter, but he's got a great deal of *openness* when he smiles."

We saw an Irishman trying to sell a chain to a gentleman. "What do you suppose I should want of the chain?" asked the man. "To hang yourself wid, maybe," was Pat's ready reply.

The following novel intimation appears at the end of a recent invitation to a wedding: "No cards. No cake. No wine. No kissing the bride."

A gentleman was arguing with a Scotch lady, when at length he stopped. "I tell you what, ma'am," said he, "I'll not argue with you any longer; you're not open to conviction." "Not open to conviction, Sir!" was the indignant reply. "I scorn the imputation, Sir; I am open to conviction. But," she added, after a moment's pause, "show me the man that can convince me."

A minister, traveling through the West some years ago, asked an old lady on whom he called what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity. "Oh," she replied, "I think it is a good doctrine, if the people would only act up to it."

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

"Only a lock of golden hair,"
The lover sighed. "Perchance to-night
It formeth on her pillow fair
A halo bright."

"Only a lock of golden hair,"
The maiden, smiling sweetly, said,
As she laid it over the back of a chair
And went to bed.

A country paper, in recommending early rising and walking, says, "Morning interviews with Nature are delightful." "Susan," said a young lady, "when you kindle the fire to-morrow morning, open the window, so if Nature wants an interview she may come in and have it."

If a lady yawns half a dozen times in succession, young man, you may get your hat.

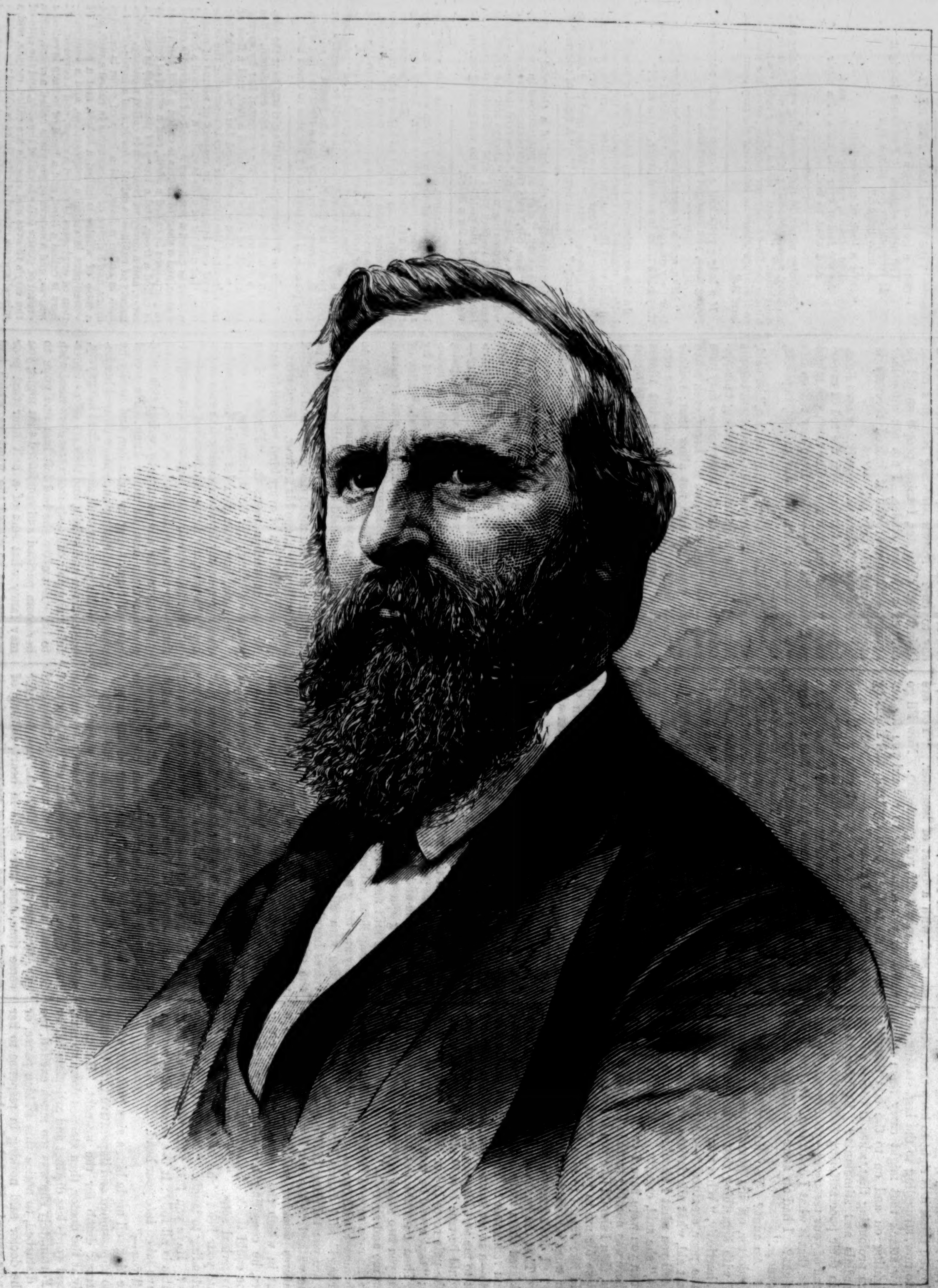
"Mike, and is it yerself that can be afther tellin' me how they make ice-crame?" "In truth I can. Don't they bake them in cowld ovens, to be sure?"

In the examination of an Irish case for assault and battery, counsel, on cross-examining the witness, asked him what they had at the first place they stopped. He answered, "Four glasses of ale." "What next?" "Two glasses of wine." "What next?" "One glass of brandy." "What next?" "A fight, of course."

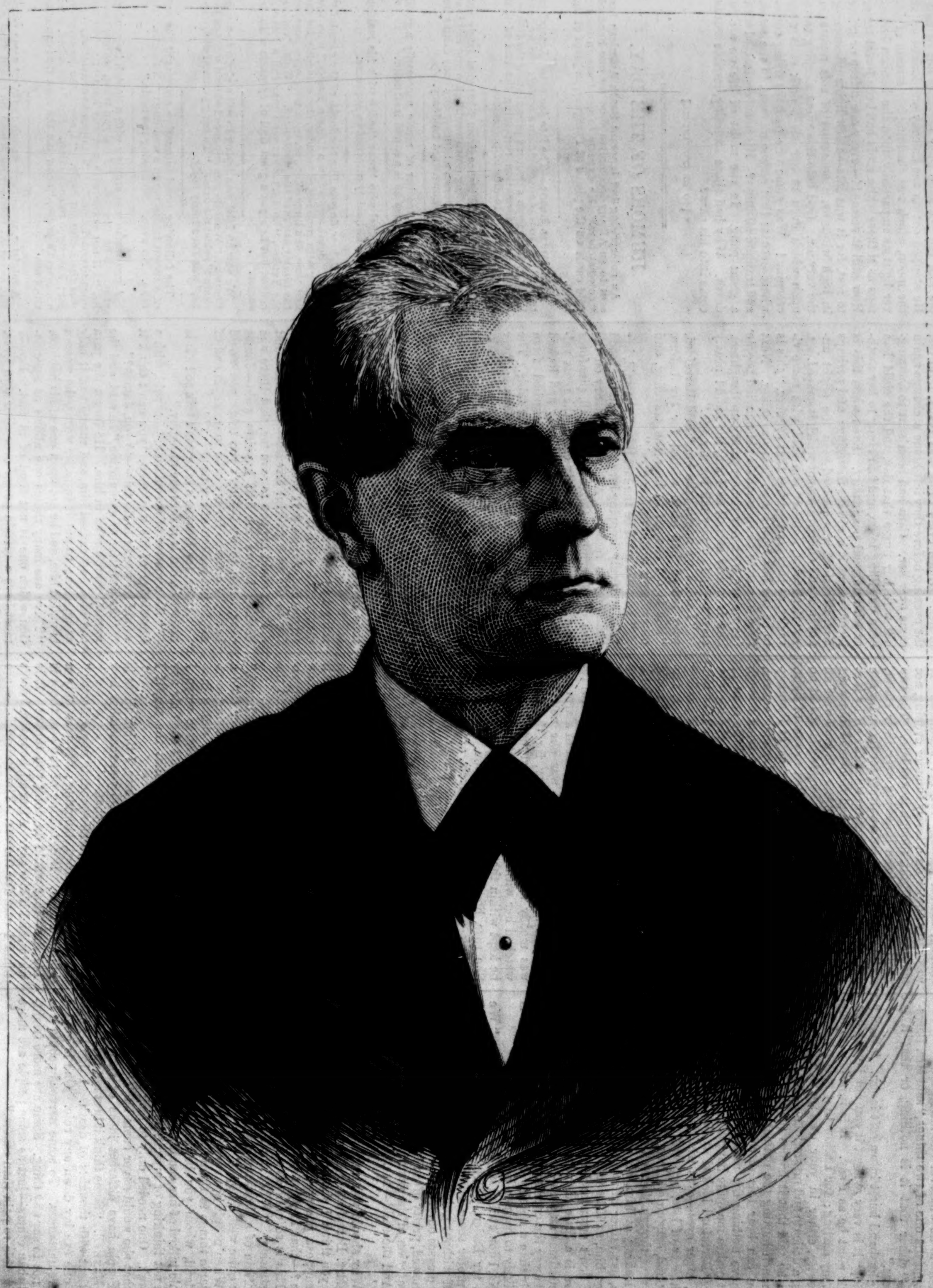
A demure-looking chap hailed a charcoal peddler with the query, "Have you got charcoal in your wagon?" "Yes, Sir," said the expectant driver, stopping his horses. "That's right," observed the demure chap, with an approving nod; "always tell the truth, and people will respect you!" and he hurried on, much to the regret of the peddler, who was getting out of the wagon to look for a brick.

Inalienable Rights.—Every woman has a right to be of any age she pleases, for if she were to state her real age no one would believe her. Every one has a right to wear a mustache if he can. Every woman who makes puddings has a right to believe she can make better pudding than any other woman in the world. Every man who carves has a decided right to think of himself, by putting a few of the best bits aside. Every woman has a right to think her child the "prettiest little baby in the world," and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it. Every young lady has a right to faint when she pleases, if her lover is by her side to catch her.

Nouns of Multitude.—A little girl was near the picture of a number of ships, when she exclaimed, "See what a *flock* of ships!" We corrected her by saying that a flock of ships was called a *fleet*, and a fleet of sheep was called a *flock*. And here we may add, for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language in respect of nouns of multitude, that a flock of girls is called a *bevy*, and a bevy of wolves is called a *pack*, and a pack of thieves is called a *gang*, and a gang of angels is called a *host*, and a host of porpoises is called a *shoal*, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a *troop*, and a troop of partridges is called a *covey*, and a covey of beauties is called a *galaxy*, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a *horde*, and a horde of rubbish is called a *heap*, and a heap of oxen is called a *drove*, and a drove of blackguards is called a *mob*, and a mob of whales is called a *school*, and a school of worshipers is called a *congregation*, and a congregation of engineers is called a *corps*, and a corps of robbers is called a *band*, and a band of locusts is called a *swarm*, and a swarm of people is called a *crowd*, and a crowd of gentle folks is called the *élite*, and the élite of the city's thieves and rascals are called *roughs*, and a miscellaneous crowd of city folks is called the *community* or the *public*, accordingly as they are spoken of by the religious *community* or the secular *public*.

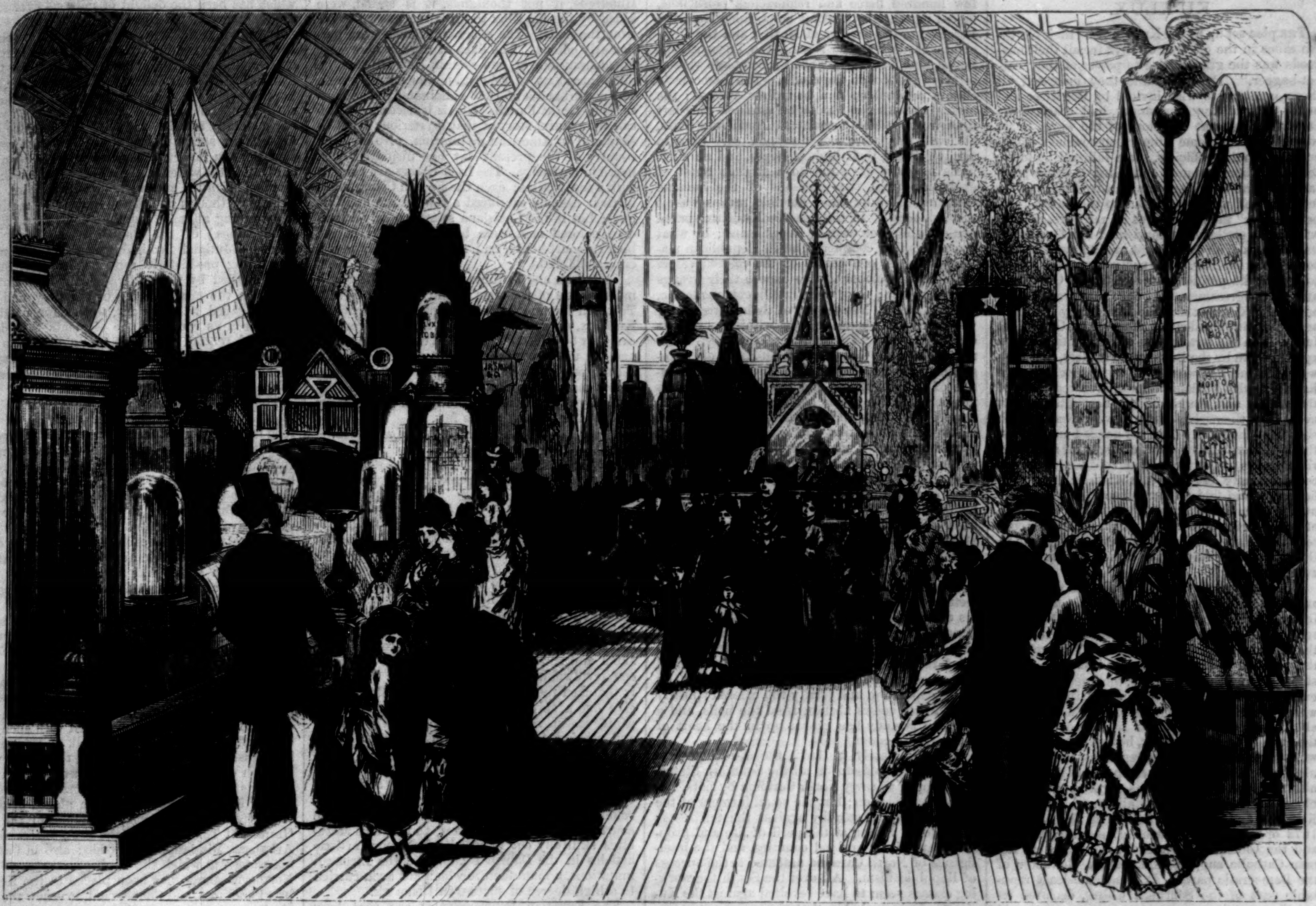


THE HON. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, OF OHIO.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. LANDY, CINCINNATI.]

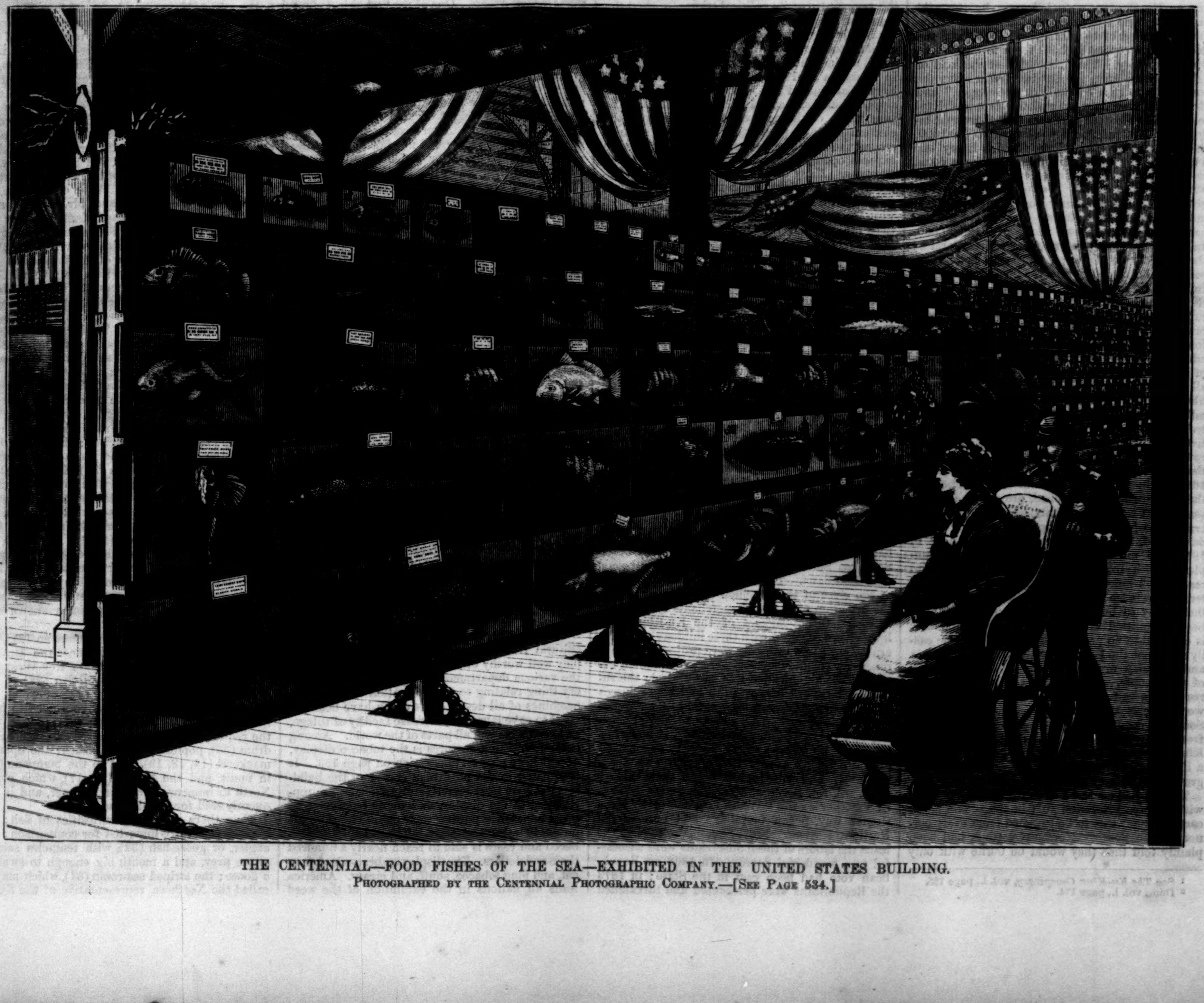


THE HON. WILLIAM A. WHEELER, OF NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORA, NEW YORK CITY.]

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.—[SEE PAGE 527.]



THE CENTENNIAL—TOBACCO EXHIBIT IN AGRICULTURAL HALL.
From a Sketch by W. H. Gibson.—[See Page 534.]



THE CENTENNIAL—FOOD FISHES OF THE SEA—EXHIBITED IN THE UNITED STATES BUILDING.
Photographed by the Centennial Photographic Company.—[See Page 534.]

NORTHERN SETTLERS AND THE KU-KLUX.

The plea set up by the Ku-Klux and their Northern allies in the election of 1872 for all their misdeeds was the gradual rise to power of the "carpet-bagger." By this name they indicated all those immigrants who, invited by the wiser and purer part of the community, had entered the Southern States at the close of the war. Some were merchants, some laborers, some school-teachers, some public officials, some railroad builders, some had bought lands and tilled deserted plantations, some were disreputable adventurers, some indolent and worthless. But to the hated "carpet-baggers" the South owes its railways, its free schools, its settlements flourishing like Coushatta, its glimpses of an energy that might have roused it to a wide prosperity. The new settlers began even to control its politics, and selected its Governors and its Congressmen. At once they were assailed by the Ku-Klux and the Democracy with pen and rifle, with slander and the sword. One might fancy, from the strange din of defamation raised against them by the Democratic leaders, that they were the most unworthy of their species. The Ku-Klux, with sardonic humor, invented tales of the malice and frauds of the new settlers that even they themselves must have repeated with shouts of laughter. The red-handed murderers, the wild men who rode out at night on their horrible orgies to torment and rob the innocent, could scarcely have hoped that their monstrous fictions would find any credence with even their own people. No one could believe the testimony of such fearful witnesses, it might appear, or consent to allow that all the Northern immigrants in Georgia or Mississippi had come there for some evil purpose.

Yet such was the cry of the Ku-Klux in 1872, and in the sharp contest between Grant and Greeley the Democracy pursued the Northern settlers in the South with a bitter denunciation that seems singularly ill deserved. "They robbed, they excited to insurrection," it was said, "they stopped at no act of violence, they were ready for every crime." All the outrages of the Ku-Klux were overlooked and condoned, all their improbable falsehoods accepted as from undoubted authority. Even Mr. Greeley, honest but credulous, went through the country repeating their calumnies, and Mr. Carl Schurz, pressed on by his ultramontane associates, was eager to clasp their blood-stained hands. The alliance between the Ku-Klux and the papal faction in the North in 1872 opened a new phase in American politics, and the Cincinnati Convention, ruled by its Roman Catholic supporters, fixed the character of the Democratic party. It joined the least reputable part of the Southern whites, declared its hostility to the progressive movement, would check the advance of Northern enterprise southward, engaged in a bitter war against the intrusive "carpet-bagger." It is, indeed, remarkable to notice how even reputable men like Mr. Greeley or Mr. Sumner were led away by the wild tales that came from the profane mouths of the most degraded of the defenders of slavery. In one instance especially both seem to have erred without inquiry. They claimed that the load of debt weighing upon the Southern States was the result of the rule of the "carpet-bagger," and Mr. Greeley was accustomed to relate in doleful tones in his Western speeches that the whole indebtedness of the South was over $200,000,000, the product of Republican fraud. Every one who knew any thing of Southern finances could easily have convicted him of error. But no one was allowed to speak. Yet of the debt of Virginia, $41,000,000, nearly the whole had been incurred before and during the war. The war had dissipated its bank stock of $12,000,000, and destroyed its once ample resources, and of the misfortunes of the once prosperous State no part can be traced to the Northern immigrants. In them, in fact, lay its only hope of progress. Rebellion alone had reduced its people to bankruptcy, and they entered without shame upon a practical repudiation. Even South Carolina before the war had a debt of $15,000,000, and had added to it in 1872 $9,000,000, in part the result of necessity and fraud. The war had dissipated all the resources of the State and left it bankrupt, like Virginia. Georgia in 1872 had added 500 miles to its railroads since 1865, and had perhaps trebled its debt. Its officials were nearly all natives, and whatever frauds had been committed could scarcely be charged upon the Northern settlers; and to its railroads Georgia owes a real advance in the returns of its soil.[1] Wherever the new lines have reached, property has risen sensibly in value. Alabama, which under Democratic rule has recently repudiated nearly all its debts, had, in 1860, 743 miles of railroad;[2] in 1865, 805 miles; in 1871-72, 1697 miles completed, with lines in construction expected to reach 3452 miles. It keeps its fine railway system, but refuses to pay the capitalists who loaned the money to build it. Frauds, no doubt, have been committed in all these States—dishonesty is confined to no peculiar soil—but it will be easily seen that the Democracy that rules in Georgia and Alabama must be the most corrupt section of the people. Nor can it be doubted that a reaction must take place, and the mechanical and working classes assume the control of all these Southern communities, if they would ever rise to fresh prosperity. Under the reign of the Ku-Klux they must perish in their isolation; under a Republican rule they might form a part of the growing system of progressive nations.

The Ku-Klux entered upon the election of 1872 with a fierce resolution to triumph. The hated carpet-bagger was to be expelled from every corner of the South. Northern settlers had been plainly told that they would be borne with only upon the condition of silence and submission. A few hundred fierce and remorseless politicians, linked together by a secret bond, ruled from the Potomac to the borders of Mexico, and the Democratic leaders at the North—the Tildens, Seymours, and Kellys—planned a complete victory in every section of the South. The Democratic editors counted upon a boundless success; the means by which it was to be attained they left to their remorseless associates. And in one State, at least, they were not disappointed. Georgia amply fulfilled their highest hopes, and an enormous majority gave rise to a strange burst of exultation from the partisans of the humane Greeley. But by what horrible means was it accomplished? In Georgia the Ku-Klux spared neither white nor colored Republicans; by what enormities they conquered, let its Republican majority tell. A convention of the colored voters was held in October last to expose their wrongs to the people; they were intelligent, moderate, resolute, calm. Yet the cry of their distress may well reach every humane heart within the bounds of civilization. "The murders," they say, "committed by the God-defying Ku-Klux of Georgia have almost completely destroyed every vestige of Republicanism, and freedom of speech is not permitted in nearly half the counties of the State.... So effectual has been the work of terror all over the State that half a million of colored people have not a single Representative in Congress, although there are four Republican districts in the State of Georgia. And there are only about eight or nine Republicans in the General Assembly of the State, which is composed of 219 members. This result has been obtained by murdering certain leaders, and driving off others by threats, outrages, intimidation." Such is the cry of the Georgia Republicans. In 1872 the process began which has ended in the utter subjection of the State to the most barbarous leaders of the Ku-Klux. The State bonds are repudiated, the whole community has been covered with dishonor, and robbery and murder are the chief reliance of its governing class. A small but resolute band of miscreants rule over its white population and terrify the colored; nearly one-half its voters abstain from the polls, and a singular tyranny has grown up in the heart of American freedom.

Yet, fortunately, in 1872, the Ku-Klux were not equally successful in all the Southern States. They hoped to carry North Carolina by riots, violence, intimidation; but the small farmers of the mountains voted steadily against the terrorists; the colored voters, at the peril of life and property, carried the lowland counties, and the intelligence of North Carolina assented to the success of Republicanism. All over the South the working classes seem to have revolted against the Ku-Klux. It is probable that the murderous association has nowhere more bitter enemies than among the reputable planters and traders of the Southern States; nowhere would its utter destruction be welcomed with greater joy than in the very centre of its political triumphs; and the hopes of the remorseless Democratic leaders at the North may yet be disappointed by the revolt of the intelligent and industrious portion of the South against the despotism of a cruel oligarchy. In Alabama in 1872 the Ku-Klux failed as in North Carolina; Florida, South Carolina, Mississippi, Arkansas, escaped from their hands. The supervision of the general government over the election of 1872 produced a feeling of security among the Southern voters, and they ventured to express openly their preference for Republican progress. Many of the most active of the Ku-Klux were in prison, some may have repented, some hid in Texas and Mexico. Their outrages were for the moment checked, and Northern settlers fancied that they might still find a secure field for enterprise in developing the rich resources of the extreme South.

But they were swiftly undeceived. The period since the autumn of 1872 has been filled with some of the most barbarous crimes of the Ku-Klux. The association has revived in various forms, but its chief features are its intense hatred for Northern settlers, and its merciless effort to overawe or extirpate the negro. Within the last three years it has grown daring and violent to an unprecedented degree. The example of Georgia seems to have shown it how to rule in States where probably three-fourths of the population would rejoice to see all its members in prison or in exile. It is doubtful if a majority even of the whites in Georgia are not in favor of inviting immigration, anxious for honest government and a fair renown. But they have ceased to speak. The only voice heard in the impoverished State is that of its relentless oligarchy, defending repudiation and national theft, and driving Republican voters from the polls. And the Ku-Klux had now resolved (1873) to conquer every other Southern State in a similar way. They began with Louisiana. That fair and fertile territory at the close of the rebellion had at once drawn the attention of Northern merchants and capitalists—the carpet-baggers of the Ku-Klux. Its levees were repaired with three millions of Northern money; new railroads were projected, the old renewed; common schools were to be planted every where; immigration was encouraged; the ruined State, shorn of its wealth and its resources by the rebellion, began once more to flourish under the rule of the hated "carpet-bagger." Louisiana had nearly become the richest and most fortunate of its fellows, when the envy and hatred of the Ku-Klux were visited upon it with a signal fury. The wild leaders began their nightly rides. A few fierce and terrible outlaws, banded together as the "White League" or in some similar way, began to pillage and murder the Northern settlers. From Shreveport to New Orleans the labors of these miscreants were successful to a wonderful degree. In 1868 no Republican vote had been cast in the State; in 1873 the Republicans were persecuted and threatened with a malice that can scarcely be described. Hundreds, if not thousands, it is stated, were killed by the Ku-Klux to drive the party forever from the polls. The common schools were particularly odious. The lives of the teachers were in constant danger, and even in New Orleans the Superintendent of Education was scarcely safe. The disturbances of 1873 culminated in the massacre of Grant Parish. Nor is it necessary to recall the painful story of that mysterious event so shameful to American civilization. No civilized country of the present day has displayed such horrible barbarity. The Irish rioters are content with a few victims; even the French Communists in their despair sacrificed a few priests and laymen; but in the Louisiana swamp nearly a hundred colored men were burned or shot in the blazing court-house, and not one of their persecutors suffered.

To put an end to these atrocities at the South must be one of the aims of the election of 1876. To teach humanity to the people, to destroy the Ku-Klux, to awaken industry and immigration, can only be effected by the rule of Republicanism and the utter overthrow of its adversaries. To set the people of the South free from their persecutors may well complete the duties of the Centennial year, and enforce the lesson of a century against the tyranny of the few.

Eugene Lawrence.

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[1] See *The Ku-Klux Conspiracy*, vol. i., page 125.

[2] Ibid., vol. i., page 174.

THE CENTENNIAL.

On page 528 the reader will find included in one sketch the pavilions of Denmark and Egypt, in the Main Exhibition Building. The former section is arranged in a series of neat and attractive courts, within an inclosure through which access is obtained by arched openings at either end. The doorways between the interior courts are hung with crimson curtains, the effect of which is very pleasant to the eye. In one of these courts there is an interesting collection of skins and furs, and a small model of a Danish country dwelling prepared for winter. The thickly thatched roof and walls covered with dry turf give one a shivering idea of the severity of the winter season, relieved by a thought of the warmth and comfort to be found within. Other courts contain specimens of woolen manufactures, chemicals, geographical charts, and furniture. There is also a collection of Danish woods, and in the court of entrance a large number of figures, bass-reliefs, and vases in terra cotta. In the same court are a few good bronzes, and various statuettes skillfully cut in wood. The most artistic articles in the Danish section are the Etruscan imitations, a manufacture which has been carried to a high degree of success in Denmark.

The Egyptian Department is one that long detains visitors by the splendor, richness, and strangeness of the display that meets the eye on passing under the temple gateway of the pavilion. One seems to have suddenly entered the world of the *Arabian Nights*. One of the first objects that arrest attention is the magnificent collection of saddles and the attendant trappings. These saddles are such as were often used by the pashas of former times, but they are now used only on great state occasions. The hangings are of crimson velvet; embroidery of fine gold-work adds a rich effect, and the frame-work of the trappings bends under the weight of gold with which the tassels are loaded. After examining this gorgeous array, the visitor will not fail to notice the massive round covers for coffee trays, gold and silver flowers worked by hand on a velvet foundation. These are very showy and very costly, each being valued at $2000. In the same case may be seen two hanging lamps of glass, with colored decorations worked in them. These are very ancient, and the art of making them is lost. Costly stuffs woven of silk and gold and silver thread hang near by. There are rugs; yellow slippers embroidered with gold, their pointed toes turning sharply upward; nargilehs, or pipes with flexible stems, in which the smoke passes through water; chibouques, with long stems, often covered with silk and gold embroidery, and with amber mouth-pieces longer and larger than one's thumb; brocades of rich hues; veils of as airy lightness as the one which Saladin's cimeter is reported in the *Talisman* to have severed in mid-air. Opposite the entrance there are several cabinets of fine workmanship. The ornaments of one of these, made of ebony and inlaid with carved ivory and mother-of-pearl, are designed after originals in ancient mosques. Besides these works of art there is an exhibition of the chemical products of Egypt, and a collection of African cotton neatly packed in small rolls. In one case is displayed an ornamental design made of silk-worm cocoons of various tints, fastened upon an upright frame. Quite interesting is the collection of weapons and implements from Soudan—rough wooden saddles, shields of metal and wicker-work, tom-toms, spears, hoes, etc. A huge crocodile reposes on a pedestal in the middle of the inclosure.

On page 529 we give an exterior view of Agricultural Hall—a building which contains a display well worthy of the attention of visitors. In the various departments may be seen almost every thing relating to the cultivation of the soil—machines of all descriptions which have been devised to save labor and increase facility of tillage, and products from all parts of the world. Among other interesting features is the tobacco display, of which we give an illustration on page 533. It is situated in the northwest corner of the building. About forty manufacturing houses are represented in the display, and many have gone to great expense in putting their exhibits before the public in attractive style. The value of the tobacco and cases is said to reach nearly a hundred thousand dollars. The display embraces leaf, fine-cut, and plug tobacco, snuff, and cigars. America leads all nations in the exhibition of the weed which King James so fiercely denounced, but which has been the delight of millions ever since the discovery of the New World.

It would be hard to overpraise the work of Professor Spencer F. Baird and his assistants in determining the habitat and habits of the food fishes of the United States, both sea and river, and in populating the depleted streams with salmon, shad, bass, and other fishes. Congress each year, not generally effusive in matters of science and experiment, seems to lend a kindly ear to representations in favor of this enterprise—a plan for cultivating the waters and winning a harvest therefrom on scientific and methodical principles.

Fishing, though one of the earliest of methods of obtaining animal food, the shell heaps (*Kjökkenmöddings*) of the Danish islands and the fiords of Jutland furnishing some of the most interesting pre-historic remains, has but lately been studied by the cultivated. All heretofore has been the mere snaring of the prey, and the men engaged in the work, unless for pastime, have been as rough as the elements they dare. It would require a volume to do justice to the subject, but one may give a few facts, accurate enough as far as they go, but inadequate, owing to the paucity of statement.

The Fish Commission was organized mainly to inquire into the cause of the decrease of the food fishes in United States waters, sea and fresh. In pursuance of the duty it became necessary to cultivate the acquaintance of the fish, its food, habits, range, and migrations; also of its enemies, human and other. It has seemed, in fresh-waters at least, that the human are the worst, for the rivers have been lamentably overfished. At sea, of course, they all eat each other when they can; some, like the star-fish, are regular oyster eaters, others go in shoals like an invading army and depopulate a province. It seems that they really have a harder time of it than we on land.

The Commission has proceeded by *propagation* and *transplantation*, principally by the former. The fecundated eggs are exposed in hatching frames, the little fish being then transported to a distance, or the eggs themselves are sent to the vicinity of their future habitation. In *transplanting* fish, small or adult fish are moved from one water to another, as was practiced with such eminent effect by Governor Farwell, of Wisconsin, in furnishing the inland lakes of that State with the fish of the Great Lakes—a work which will keep his name alive for many generations to come. To particularize: Shad has been placed in every river, from the St. Croix, of Maine, to the Rio Grande, of Texas, even in the head waters of the Arkansas, Mississippi, and Ohio; also in California waters, to which the shad is a stranger. The Northern salmon has been placed in the Kennebec, Penobscot, and Connecticut, to renew the supply in those formerly well-stocked rivers, and also in the tributaries of the Great Lakes; south of New England is deemed too warm for this king of fish, although an experiment has been made in the Hudson, Delaware, Susquehanna, and Potomac. The California salmon has been placed in the Susquehanna, Delaware, Potomac, and some Southern rivers; also in many tributaries of the Mississippi and Ohio; the white-fish, in the tributaries of the Great Lakes; European carp, in Druid Hill Park, Baltimore, for experiment. It is contemplated, also, to introduce the English sole and turbot (sea fish); and the *gourami* from India, to our Southern rivers, as it thrives in warm muddy streams. The black bass has also been extensively transplanted into streams to which it was previously a stranger, and has proved a remarkable success. It is hardly necessary to state how much the success of these operations has been due to the exertions of Mr. Seth Green. The total of salmon and shad planted in new waters by the United States Fish Commission up to the winter of 1875 amounted to over 40,000,000.

The collection of casts of food fishes in the Government Building, of which we give an illustration on page 533, numbers 430, which is about one-half of the collection belonging to the Smithsonian Institution. Professor Goode is in charge of the Centennial exhibit. The larger fish are on stands on the floor; the smaller cover nearly 2000 square feet of surface, and are attached to boards set in vertical frames, such as that shown in the illustration. This screen has salt-water fish principally. We see the little toad-fish (1), whose young find protection among the oyster-shells; the black-headed rock-fish (2), rose-fish (3), and rosy rock-fish (15) of San Francisco; the salmon (47, 48) of the Penobscot; the fresh-water buffalo (39) and yellow pike-perch (31) of our Western rivers, and a muskallonge (38) weighing thirty-seven pounds from the Great Lakes; the tautog, or black-fish (5), the sheep's-head (26, 28), and the drum (25, 27, 41), which inhabit from Cape Cod to Florida; the mackerel (11, 12, 13), which inhabits both sides of the Atlantic—not a common circumstance—and the short pompano (24), a cosmopolitan fish, which is found in the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans—a still more uncommon circumstance. The specimen shown was caught at Pensacola.

The Southern fishes: the pompano (21), the choicest fish in the New Orleans and Havana markets; the red snapper (29) of Key West and Havana; the hair-tail scabbard-fish (22) of the West Indies; the amber-fish (42), of which the specimen shown is the only one known to have been captured in our waters; the grouper (36), the red snapper (46), and the red-fish, or branded drum (35), popular Southern fishes; the Spanish mackerel (14, 18, 19), next to the pompano (21) in merit, and the bonito (16, 17), which comes North in immense shoals in summer, and is frequently sold for Spanish mackerel.

Then there are a few curiosities of fish: the English brill (40), imported for comparison; the angler, or goose-fish (32), with tentacles said to allure prey, and a mouth big enough to swallow a goose; the striped sea-robin (34), which may be called the Northern representative of the flyingfishes; the thread-fish (10), with streamers three or four feet long, which look like wax-ends, and have caused him to be called the shoe-maker fish; the striped perch, which eschews the family custom of laying eggs, and brings forth its young alive; and last, not least, the Jew-fish, or guasa, a fellow weighing 700 pounds, and caught in the St. John's River, Florida.

This enumeration includes about one-half of the single screen shown in the picture.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club contains a communication from Dr. J. H. Trumbull in reference to the evidence of the existence of certain vegetables in America at the time of the first visit of the whites. He quotes from Cabeça de Vaca, who found in 1528, near Tampa Bay, maize, beans, and pumpkins. Cartier, in his first visit to Canada in 1534, found beans and melons. Hudson, in 1609, when off the Catskills, was supplied with Indian corn, pumpkins, and tobacco. Champlain, on his voyage in 1604, found beans, melons, and tobacco on the Connecticut River. Purslane is also given as a substance known to the Indians in the earliest days.

Two notable publications, constituting Nos. 5 and 6 of the Bulletin of the National Museum, by Mr. G. Brown Goode, assistant curator of that establishment, have lately been published by the Interior Department. The first, a catalogue of the fishes of the Bermudas in the collection of the museum, gives the first complete account of the ichthyology of that portion of the world. These were principally obtained by him during a visit to the islands in the months of February and March, and are notes on the character of the species, containing many important facts in regard to their natural history. Seventy-five species in all were actually obtained, and the existence of others determined, but not established by specimens. A chief value of the paper is in the description of the colors of the fish while living, and the notes on their size and hints on their popular names, their capture, and economical value. Comparatively few of the species occur on our own coast, these being principally pelagic scombridæ—a family which includes the mackerel, the tunny, the Spanish mackerel, the blue-fish, the cero, etc.

The second publication was prepared by Mr. Goode as a classification of the collections made by the Smithsonian Institution and the United States Fish Commission for the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and is divided into five sections: first, an enumeration of animals of the United States beneficial or injurious to man; second, the means of pursuit and capture; third, the methods of preparation and utilization; fourth, the primary and secondary products themselves, as derived from the animal kingdoms; and fifth, the modes of reproduction of useful animals. The purely natural history feature is omitted in this work, and reference made to such only as have some actual or possible relation to the wants, luxuries, or industrial purposes of man. Nowhere is found so complete an enumeration of means, appliances, and products, and it will doubtless serve an important purpose in connection with the Centennial Exhibition, as well as for this classification of objects in museums, and a thorough comprehension of the economical side of natural history. Some idea may be formed of the extent of this work from the fact that it embraces nearly four thousand subdivisions or groups. The Smithsonian catalogue of the Centennial Exhibition so far as relates to these subjects will probably be based upon this classification, and will contain, in addition, an enumeration of the specimens themselves under each group, together with an indication of their localities, contributors, and other facts of interest.

The constitution of phosphorus oxychloride has long been a matter of discussion. Ira Remsen now shows that the compound may be formed by the direct action of ozone upon the trichloride. This fact strengthens the view which regards phosphorus as pentatomic, and obliges us to look upon the atom of oxygen in the oxychloride as directly satisfying the two bonds of affinity left free in the trichloride.

The general yearly meeting of the American Social Science Association will take place at Saratoga on the 4th of September, to continue five days, the president of the association, David A. Wells, in the chair. A Conference of Charities will be held in connection with the Saratoga meeting, commencing on the 5th of September.

Further details in regard to these meetings can be had of Mr. F. B. Sanborn, the general secretary, No. 5 Pemberton Square, Boston.

An Australian journal reports the successful exploration into the interior of New Guinea from Port Moresby by a party of observers and naturalists. They reached Munikaihila, situated 1000 feet above the sea-level, where they were well received by the natives. Mountains of every shape and size were visible, covered with trees to the summits, and Mount Owen Stanley rose as a background at the distance of about twenty miles. The party was accompanied by Mr. Broadbent, an ornithologist, who is said to have made some interesting collections.

An elaborate paper has lately been presented to the Kansas City Academy of Sciences, and printed by its order, upon the "Prevention and Extinguishment of Conflagrations," by Mr. Theodore S. Case. In this he considers the various means of prevention, under the following heads: first, by the exclusion of oxygen and atmospheric air; second, by fire-proof coatings of the combustible materials used in the construction of buildings; third, by rendering such materials themselves essentially incombustible; fourth, by rendering bedding, clothing, scenery of theatres, etc., incombustible; fifth, by mechanical obstructions, such as fire walls, shutters, etc.; sixth, by the avoidance of the causes of spontaneous combustion.

The extinguishment of fires is treated of under the following heads: first, by means of ordinary water; second, by means of water holding in solution gases which are non-supporters of combustion; third, by means of such gases applied directly to the flames by machinery; fourth, by means of gases and vapors generated by the heating or combustion of certain materials with which the timbers were coated or otherwise protected previously to the erection of the building.

These various methods are all taken up *seriatim* and discussed with much minuteness, and the whole paper is one that should receive the attention of insurance companies and other bodies interested in the preservation of property from fire.

The forty-seventh anniversary of the Zoological Society of London was held on the 29th of April, at which a very satisfactory report was made in regard to the prosperity of the society during the preceding year.

According to the report presented by Dr. Sclater, the secretary of the society, the income (£28,738 sterling) was greater than that of any previous year since the foundation of the society. The total number of visitors in 1875 was 699,918.

Among the objects of special expenditure for the year was that for the new lion house, which, so far as its main operations are concerned, was completed and opened to the public. This contains fourteen dens, the largest of which measures twenty feet by twelve. The out-door cages are to be completed by the end of July, and will measure forty-four feet by twenty-nine.

A comparison of this report with that of the Zoological Society of Philadelphia will show that the latter institution, although only a few years old, has already reached an income and an attendance very little inferior to that of the London establishment, and it is more than probable that the next annual report will give returns in the number of visitors and income decidedly in advance of those of its prototype.

A report has lately been made by the Hon. Thomas Elder, of Adelaide, of explorations in 1875 across Southern and Western Australia at his expense, and conducted by Mr. Ernest Giles, who has already attained such a distinction in the way of Australian discovery, and which had as its most important result the determination of the existence of a great salt lake in the centre of the continent in 1872.

The expedition started, July 27, 1875, from Youldeh dépôt, 135 miles N.N.W. from Fowler Bay, near the border of the known region of South Australia, with nineteen camels and provisions for eight months. The first important discovery was the well of Oldabinna, an open space in the scrub bush which surrounds it. Moving westward from this place, an utterly waterless country was entered upon, covered with dense bushes. Five hundred miles were traversed from Youldeh before any water was obtained, and the region was entirely uninhabited by man or animal, not a track being discovered in any direction. The water, when found, proved to be a small spring, which furnished an important measure of relief to the expedition.

On the 6th of October a second division of the great desert was entered upon, after passing which a region inhabited by natives was reached, and where several severe encounters were had with large bodies of them, who were successfully resisted. The expedition finally arrived at Perth, the chief town of Western Australia, in November. The entire journey covered 2500 miles, in which not one area at all available for settlement was found. The line traversed lies between the routes of Eyre in 1840 and Forest in 1870.

It is generally supposed that an antagonism exists between atropia and morphine, by which the one neutralizes the other, and this may possibly be the case where either is administered separately and is followed by the application of the other at some interval. According to Dr. Oliver, however, when the two are combined in the form of a hypodermic injection, some of the more uncomfortable effects are relieved in certain cases, if not entirely removed. This writer insists that the general result is a more rapid action, and almost entire absence of disturbance of the stomach in the production of nausea, so distressing to patients who have been treated hypodermically with morphine alone.

The treatment of the physician referred to is more particularly applied in cases of attack of spasmodic asthma. At first the injections were administered after the attack manifested itself; subsequently, however, the friends of the patient were instructed in the use of the instrument, and used it immediately on the first indication of the trouble. This was continued for a period of three years, during which every one of the attacks, previously so distressing, was entirely prevented. The injections were made in the morning for several days in succession. The continued employment of these injections did not appear to be at all injurious to the general health. A prompt relief was usually produced in five minutes, resulting in a calm slumber. The most severe attack disappeared in from fifteen to twenty minutes. A similar good effect from the combination of the two substances has been found in the treatment of dyspnœa.

Dr. Rothrock, in *Coulter's Botanical Bulletin*, gives a new preparation for poisoning plants, which he thinks may be a benefit to botanists, as in a collection of 15,000 specimens poisoned with this mixture no depredations from insects have occurred within five years. For the purpose he dissolves one and three-quarter ounces of corrosive sublimate in one pint of alcohol, to which he adds two and a half fluid drams of carbolic acid, and applies the whole by means of a paint-brush.

The death of M. A. Brongniart on the 18th of February last was briefly announced in our columns, and we now proceed to give some biographical details of this eminent French naturalist. Born on the 14th of January, 1801, he was seventy-five years old at the time of his death. The son of a father eminent for his scientific abilities, he early imbibed a taste for natural history, devoting his spare time as a youth to the study of botany, but at the age of nineteen published a monograph on a fresh-water crustacean. At the age of thirty-three he was appointed Professor of the Museum of Natural History, and became a member of the Academy at thirty-four—honors quite unusual for persons of his age.

His first important memoir was that on the generation or the development in embryo of the phanerogamous plants, which obtained the grand prize in physiology in 1827. In 1828 he turned his attention more particularly to the history of fossil plants, in connection with which he visited a number of coal mines in Germany, Holland, Belgium, and France. He was also one of the founders of the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, and for a time had charge of the botanical section. Another work well known to botanists is his enumeration of the genera of plants cultivated in the Museum of Natural History in Paris. For many years he was engaged in arranging the collection of fossil plants described and illustrated in his great work. This, together with his extensive recent herbarium, he presented to the Museum of Natural History. His last scientific efforts had reference to an account of the recent and fossil flora of New Caledonia—a work which remained incomplete at the time of his death.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JULY, 1876.

Sunday,	2.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	9.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	16.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	23.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	25.—St. James.
Sunday,	30.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

AUGUST.

Sunday,	6.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	13.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	20.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday,	27.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

The Unitarian Annual Festival, which was held in the Music-Hall of Boston the first week in June, was attended by a great number of persons. The meeting was remarkable for the offhand definitions of Unitarianism and Unitarians given by speakers. Judge Hoar described "a Liberal Christian" as one who believes "that this is God's world and not the devil's, and that He has put us into it to be followers of His Son and co-workers with Him in making it a better and happier world for our living in it." The Hon. John D. Long, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, offered a definition which was both more precise and more spicy. "I take it," he said, "that any man is a Unitarian who believes in New England, in good morals, in liberal culture, in Channing for his divine and Whittier for his poet, in the duty of every citizen to purify politics and attend the primary meetings, and in the sacred right of bolting, as laid down by Freeman Clarke, who has just been appointed missionary to the heathen at Cincinnati."

These are statements of belief not to be found in the books. They represent, no doubt, the practical, lay view of Unitarianism.

Despite the opposition of the priests and their partisans, from time to time chronicled in this Intelligence, Protestant missions in the republic of Mexico are growing with great rapidity. The "Church of Jesus," founded by the Rev. Dr. Riley, and now affiliated with the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, is spreading in every direction. The Methodist Episcopal Mission was founded in 1873, and numbers now seven ordained missionaries, seventeen native preachers, sixteen organized congregations, two orphan asylums, and one theological school. The mission possesses a printing-press, from which are issued Spanish translations of catechisms, tracts, and Wesley's sermons. Dr. Butler, the superintendent of this mission, is now in the United States for the purpose of procuring means and material for the establishment of a weekly Protestant paper in the city of Mexico.

The union of the Old Church of the Scotch Covenanters (Cameronians) with the Free Church, which was consummated during May, was an event of thrilling interest. The Free Church Assembly Hall was crowded in every part. When Dr. Gould, the Moderator of the Synod of the Covenanters, rose to address the audience, "the entire house," says the Manchester *Examiner*, "rose as one man whose pent-up feelings could be restrained no longer, and loud and actual hurrahs rang in successive shouts from all quarters. Grave ministers and elders waved their hats, the ladies in the galleries their fans and handkerchiefs, while the students' gallery echoed with cheers such as only university men can give." Cameron, the founder of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, published his denunciation of Charles II. as a betrayer of the religious liberties of the people in 1680. The Church was organized in 1681. The first Presbytery met in 1743, and the first Synod in 1810. At the time of the union this small but historic Church was represented by thirty-six ministers and thirty-four elders.

One of the new ecclesiastical phases of our times is "the color line." It has grown out of the organization of churches in the South by the Christian bodies of the Northern States. Among the Methodists it designates the line of separation created by the formation of churches composed wholly of colored members, and Conferences composed wholly of colored ministers. The Methodists have also founded "mixed" churches and Conferences, in which no "color line" exists. At the late General Conference memorialists from the mixed Conferences petitioned for separation; protests against such separation were also offered. The Conference finally settled the color question by providing that when a majority of the white ministers of a mixed Conference and a majority of the colored ministers also concur in asking to be separated, the bishop presiding shall be authorized to separate them. It is said that the members of the mixed Conferences will avail themselves of this privilege without delay.

The meeting of the Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church at Ottawa, in the Dominion of Canada, in July, will be remarkable as a religious gathering composed chiefly of citizens of the United States convened for purposes of legislation on foreign soil. In this respect it is without precedent in the history of Protestantism in our country. It is not the first instance, however, of the passage of a Protestant Church of the United States beyond our national boundaries. Canadian Methodism was for a long time part of the Methodism of the United States. The Presbyterian Church of the United States has Presbyteries and Synods in the Old World as well as in the New.

On the 8th of June Dr. William A. Stearns, for twenty-two years president of Amherst College, died suddenly of paralysis of the heart. He succeeded President Hitchcock, and added greatly to the resources of the institution during the period of his incumbency. It is announced that Dr. Julius H. Seelye, now in Congress, will probably be elected to fill the vacant chair.

Among the recent notable events in Washington is the dedication there of the St. Augustine's Church, built by colored Roman Catholics. It is under the charge of a priest from Rome, Felix Barotti. Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore, conducted the services. Sixteen colored acolytes and a choir of one hundred voices assisted in the ceremonies.

A new development in the English state Church conflict is the appearance of a paper called the *Pilot*. It is High-Church, but not ritualistic. Its first announcement is, however, startling. It prefers the rule of the Pope to the rule of the crown. It says, "The rule of a Catholic metropolitan or the right of appeal to Rome is at least preferable to the rule of 'Archbishop Penzance,' with the sorry right of appeal to any lord of the Judicial Committee, a body which is now and henceforth 'the Holy Governing Synod' of the Anglican Church." Uncompromising resistance to the supremacy of the state over the Church is its rallying cry.

The trustees of the Young Men's Christian Union of Boston report $145,560 in hand for the purchase of a site and the erection of a new building.

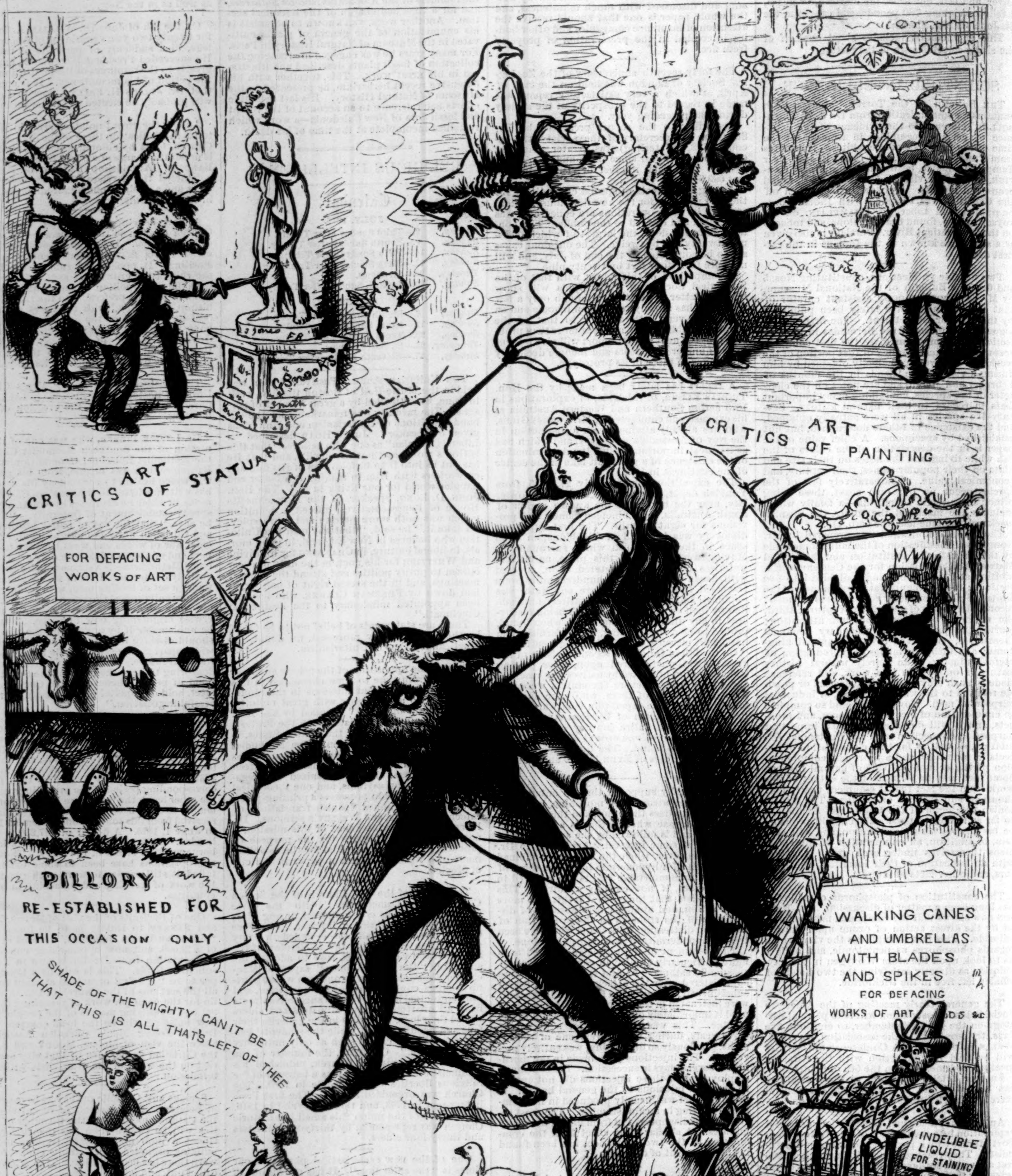
Dr. Lovick Pierce, who was one of the deputation of the Southern Methodist Church to the Methodist Episcopal General Conference at Baltimore, but was unable, from his great age and feeble health, to accompany his associates, has written a letter to the *Southern Christian Advocate*, in which he expresses his confidence in the speedy establishment of fraternity. "I hope," he says, "that the day of better brotherly love and Christian unity is close at hand. A fratricidal war of words and ways between us—members and ministers of the one only original Episcopal Methodism—is a shame which ages will not entirely obliterate. I think we are about to fall under a set of leading men, with leading minds, of more enlightened Christian affiliations. There are some sombre clouds still dimming the otherwise brightening bow of peace. But let us be unblamable if by any means the two boards should dissolve leaving us as wide apart as, or wider apart than, ever. This is the crisis in our fraternal future. Let all the Church that is endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, whenever these Commissioners meet, hold one special prayer-meeting for a successful negotiation."

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions announce that the ordinary donations received from September 1, 1875, to June 1, 1876, amount to $234,143, and the Centennial offerings to $3150, making a total of $237,293. This is only $2000 less than for the corresponding period of the preceding year. On the other hand, the total from legacies from September to June is $35,081—$30,746 less than was received from this source from September 1, 1874, to June 1, 1875. A deficit of $47,256 is apprehended. This noble Christian association has borne well the strain of the times. Though its appropriations have been to some extent curtailed, it still carries forward with great vigor the work of teaching and preaching in heathen countries.

One of the fruits of the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to Dublin is to be found in the "Christian Union Buildings," erected at a cost of £12,000, and now approaching completion. A deputation from Dublin is now in England soliciting funds. This is said by a London paper to be "the first organized attempt to unite all the sections of the Church of Christ in Dublin for the common work of preaching the Gospel to the outlying masses of the people." The new building will be the head-quarters of the Dublin Young Men's Christian Association. Since the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey the Christian young men of that city have carried on the work of the evangelists without intermission.

Serious anti-Catholic outbreaks have occurred in Belgium. As the result of recent elections, the Catholic majority in the Chamber of Deputies will be twelve—two less than before. At Ghent a mob made demonstrations before a building occupied by a Catholic club. At Antwerp there has been fighting. Troops have been called out, and arrests made.

Mr. Gladstone's article in the June number of the *Contemporary Review*, on the "Courses of Religious Thought," pays a high tribute to the section of Protestantism commonly known as evangelical. He reckons the channels of the religious thought of the age to be five—(1) Ultramontanism, (2) Liberal Catholicism and the Historical School, (3) the Evangelical School, (4) the Theistic School, (5) the Negative School. After describing the doctrinal beliefs of the third or evangelical section of the religious world, Mr. Gladstone says: "This scheme has framed large communities, has formed Christian nations, and has sustained an experience of generations of men. It is eminently outspoken, and tells of its own weakness as freely as of its victories or merits. It rallies scores of millions to its standard; and while it entirely harmonizes with the movement of modern civilization, it exhibits its zeal in the supreme work of uniting the soul to Christ. Of the English-speaking population in the United States and the British colonies, which may be roughly taken at fifty millions, it may perhaps claim as many as thirty for its own; nor does any portion of the entire group of religious systems seem to be endowed with greater vigor than this, which has grown up in new soil, and far from the possibility of the chilling shadow of national establishments of religion."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ART CRITICS OF STATUARY
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FOR DEFACING WORKS of ART
PILLORY RE-ESTABLISHED FOR THIS OCCASION ONLY
WALKING CANES AND UMBRELLAS WITH BLADES AND SPIKES FOR DEFACING WORKS OF ART &c
INDELIBLE LIQUID FOR STAINING
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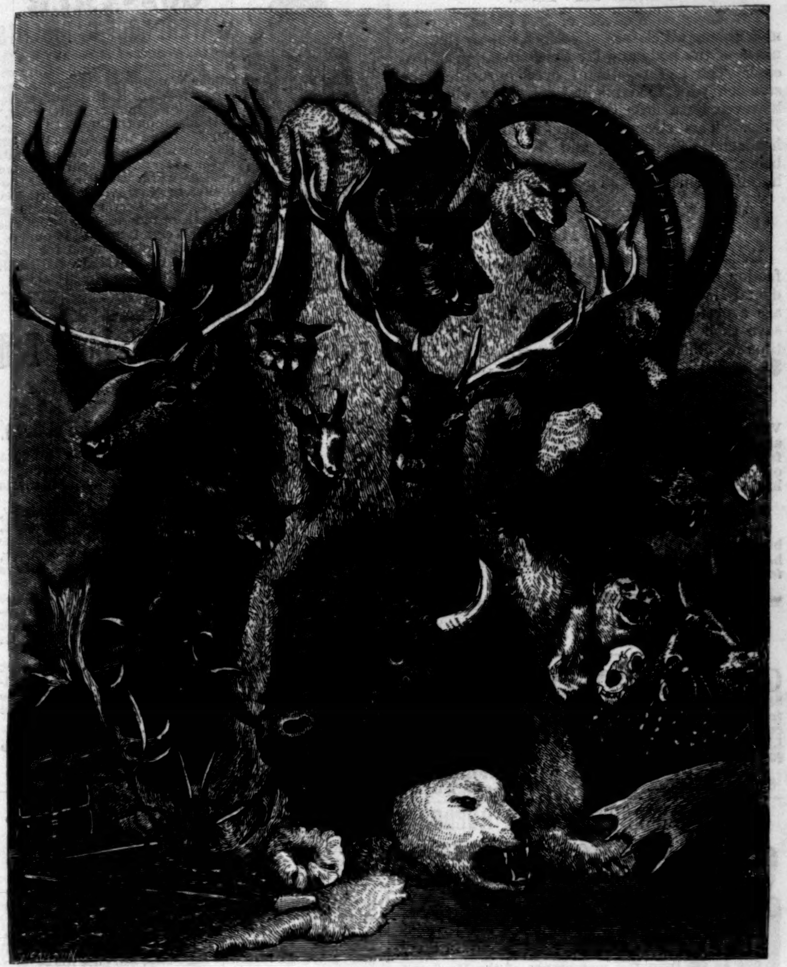
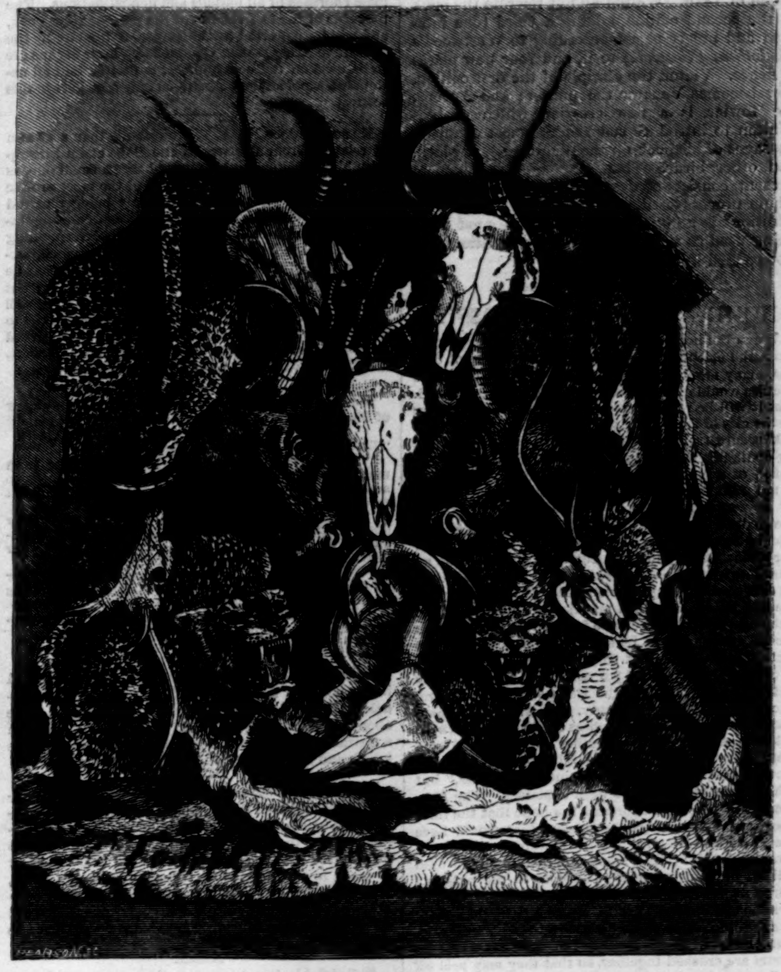
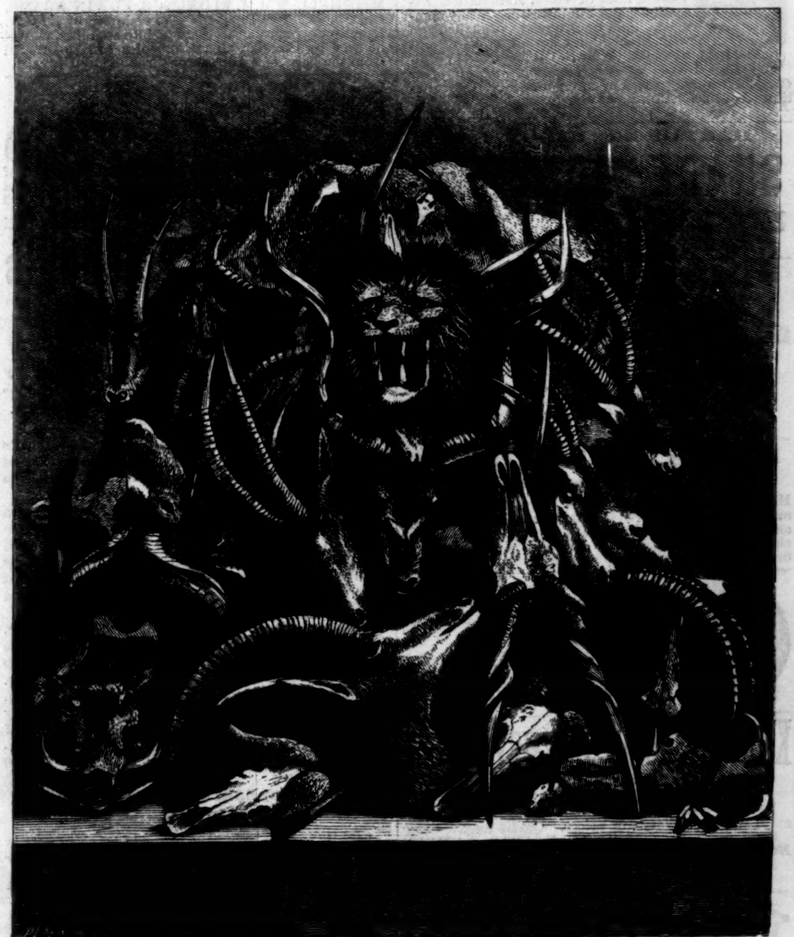


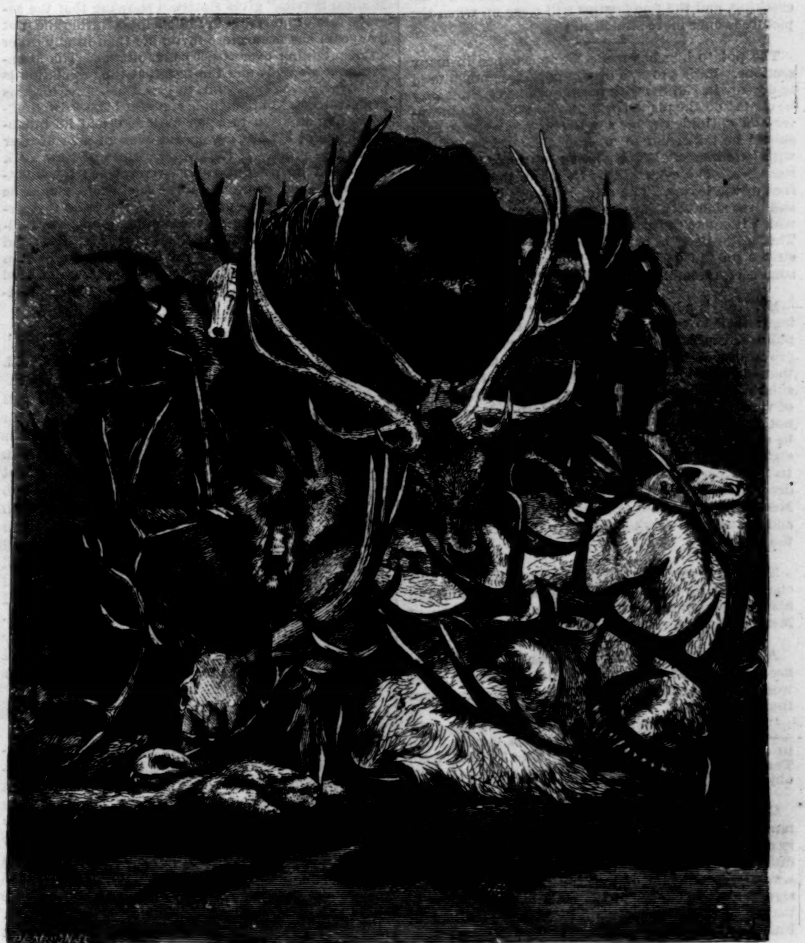
1. EUROPE.



2. ASIA.



3. AFRICA.



4. AMERICA.

HUNTING TROPHIES OF THE FOUR CONTINENTS.

HUNTING TROPHIES.

THESE groups display at a glance the most characteristic wild animals of each quarter of the world. They are the combined hunting bags of several distinguished sportsmen artistically arranged. The European trophies (No. 1) comprise Russian bear (skin and skull), shot by the Prince of Wales; European ibex and chamois from the Lithuanian preserves of King VICTOR EMANUEL; European bisons from the Emperor of Russia; polar bear obtained by T. BRASSY, Esq., when cruising recently in the yacht *Sunbeam* within the arctic circle; reindeer from Lapland; Scotch red deer from the Duke of Athol; German red deer, wild boar, wolf, otter, fox, lynx, sable, and other game complete the European group.

The Asiatic big game trophies, represented in the second group, contrast in character and form with the first. The group comprises such animals as the tiger, leopard, cheetah, Gour bison, spotted deer, black buck, etc.

The African group comprises lion and other trophies belonging to the Earl of Leicester and Viscount COKE. All these specimens were shot and collected by the viscount in South Africa during a hunting excursion in 1871–72.

The American group contains grizzly bear (skin and skull), buffalo, wapiti deer, big-horned sheep, prong-bok, moose, Virginia deer, caribou, lynx, etc. These several groups afford the art student an interesting series of educational zoological pictures, quite new and original, as well as picturesque in design. They illustrate at a glance the geographical distribution of animals of interest to the artist and the sportsman.

"THE COMPLEAT ANGLER."

THE first edition of Walton appeared in 1653, since which time the *Compleat Angler* has been reprinted in every size and form, from that suited to the waistcoat pocket, up to Pickering's magnificent edition, illustrated by Stothard. It has, moreover, been furnished with notes, appendices, elucidations, and the like, by numberless anglers and book-makers, overlaid with abundance of details, which have often well-nigh smothered the text. Mr. Westwood, writing in 1864, enumerates fifty-three editions of the book—one in rather more than every three years of its life—which speaks volumes for its popularity. At length, to satisfy the curious, there has been produced by Elliot Stock, a London publisher, a fac-simile reprint of the original work. This book, coated in old-fashioned binding, and containing the original engraved plates of fish, struck off by a novel application of photography, is a bibliophilist's delight in every particular. Even the curious red and blue sprinkling of the edges is conformed to that of Walton's original edition.

Few books have suffered so complete a change of form, and survived so many additions without losing their first fragrance, as has this. The *Compleat Angler* on its original entry into the world consisted of two hundred and forty-six pages, or thirteen chapters, clad in modest brown calf, and illustrated by half a dozen admirably engraved plates of fish. These were, indeed, said, but, it is thought, without any foundation for the assertion, to have been engraved on plates of silver. All these plates, and the due number of pages, even down to bad spellings and the like, are faithfully reproduced in this quaint little facsimile of 1876. Walton all but rewrote the book in the second edition, adding a third (one hundred and ninety pages, according to Westwood's *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*) to it, and four new plates of fishes. Viator, the disciple of the first edition, now becomes Venator the hunter; and Auceps, the fowler, is a new creation, which enables Walton to introduce some of the most exquisite passages of his book on the nightingale, sky-lark, and other birds. Thus the book as known at present, consists of twenty-one chapters, and the whole process of dovetailing and tacking on of additions is a singular instance of a good book being used as the germ of a second edition, and not spoiled in the operation.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHEN the head of St. Anthony, by Murillo, was cut from the celebrated painting in the cathedral of Seville, many months ago, there was little hope that the picture would ever be restored or the thief discovered. But it will be remembered how it was recovered here in the city of New York, where the thief thought himself secure from detection. Stolen pictures painted by distinguished artists are not so easily hidden; the touch of a master-hand is easily recognized. And it is not unlikely that the stolen portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, painted by Gainsborough, may be recovered. This portrait was recently purchased at auction by Agnew, the well-known London picture-dealer, for about $60,000, and was cut from its frame by an adroit thief, probably thinking that a reward would be offered and "no questions asked" if it was returned. He has, however, made a mistake in his calculations: a thousand pounds are offered for *him*. It appears from recent statements in London journals that this fine picture was painted not from Georgiana, the "Beautiful Duchess," so called *par excellence*, but from Lady Betty Foster, afterward the Duchess of Devonshire. She was also a great beauty, and was an intimate friend of Georgiana, the Duchess of Devonshire, whose title she afterward bore. Rather curiously, and by a singular mistake, the lost portrait had been regarded as that of Georgiana, the "Beautiful Duchess," but the cause of the error has been explained. The London *Daily Telegraph* expresses the hope that the thief possessed the technical knowledge that would have prevented him from ruining the picture in carrying it away, and adds: "How many men in a hundred would roll an oil-painting with the colors to the outside? Certainly not more than two or three, perhaps not one. It seems so natural to roll it up as one would a print or any thing of the sort with a surface to be protected. But by rolling an oil-painting that way, the dried pigments are crushed together, so that they may peel off in flakes or break and crumble deplorably; whereas if the painted side be without, its worst danger is a little cracking, and the fine fissures will close up when the picture is once more stretched."

The potato bug has made its appearance in many sections. Paris green, a deadly poison, is much used to destroy it. Mixed with plaster or fine earth, it may be dusted on the plants, or it may be stirred up in water and sprinkled from a watering-pot. Great care should be taken not to breathe the dust, nor handle with bare hands. Hand picking is one of the surest remedies. The eggs will be found on the under surface of the leaves. The grub is orange-red in color, and lives about ten days on the leaves and stems, after which it enters the ground to pass its transition state. The beetle itself is half an inch long, has ten black stripes on the back, and is reddish underneath. It somewhat resembles the "lady-bug," but is larger.

Mr. Holly's admirable articles on "Modern Dwellings: their Construction, Decoration, and Furniture," published in *Harper's Magazine*, have elicited the approval of all classes of readers. It is the first attempt that has been made in magazine literature to treat the subject of Household Art from a purely practical point of view. In the illustrations this feature is especially noticeable, only such designs being suggested as can be carried out practically, and in conformity with the style of architecture with which they are associated. In the paper published in the June number, on color decoration, some of the pictures were copied from Messrs. Cox & Sons' excellent illustrated catalogue, and contributed very materially to the effectiveness of the article.

The Emperor of Germany desired to have some purchase made for him at the Centennial Exhibition, and his Commissioners have selected a mantel-piece of Mexican marble, valued at $3000.

A letter addressed to the "Empress Victoria," asking her Majesty's patronage for a Wesleyan bazar at Kensworth, Bedfordshire, is said to have been answered thus:

"Sir T. M. Biddulph is desired to acknowledge Mr. ——'s letter addressed to the 'Empress Victoria,' and to say that the title is not applicable to the Queen. The Queen is unable to subscribe to purely local objects."

Commencement exercises at Amherst are to be arranged upon a new and sensible plan. The valedictory and salutatory will be assigned as usual, but, in addition, ten parts, pertaining, each one, to one of the several departments of learning pursued, will be assigned to the member of the class most proficient in that special department. Thus excellence in different branches will be represented.

On the Fourth of July, 1876, there will be rung in the city of New York the old bell in the steeple of the church at Forty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue. It is older than the Declaration of Independence. It originally hung in the cupola of the Old Middle Dutch Church in Nassau Street. During the Revolution it was secreted far away in the country, and restored only after the British evacuation in November, 1783.

The Old South Church was sold at auction for $1300. The material is to be removed within sixty days from date of sale. The corner-stones, the clock in the tower, the sounding-board, and the vane in the steeple were exempt from the sale. Thus two great landmarks are removed from Boston in the Centennial year, the Old Elm and the Old South.

A "Centennial International Juvenile Music Festival" is announced to be held in the American Institute Building (Rink) on June 29, at eight o'clock in the evening. The concert is to be under the management of Professor J. O. von Prochazka, recently from the Vienna Conservatory; and the intention is to have a grand chorus of 10,000 children, church choirs, and male choruses of all nations and denominations. The proceeds of the festival are for the poor of New York, and will be delivered to the Mayor of the city by the Executive Arrangement Committee. Four organs are to be used on the occasion. It is desired that all nationalities and all denominations may take part in this festival.

No sooner does Mr. A. T. Stewart die than a swarm of relatives from all parts of the globe claim kinship with him. Instead of his family being a small one, as was supposed, it appears to be one of the most prolific in the world. Letters are constantly being received from Stewarts who assert every degree of consanguinity, and desire to be remembered in a corresponding degree. One, however, though bearing the name, jocularly writes that, having consulted his family tree, he finds that he is *not* related to the great merchant; but if Judge Hilton comes to a different decision, he will be prepared to receive any thing that may be coming to him. It is very curious how many people have turned up whose great-grandparents were related to a Stewart, and *that* Stewart must have been kin of *the* Stewart.

The following appears in the "Centennial" number of *The Sunday-school Times:*

"WASHINGTON, *June 6*, 1876.

"*To the Editor of The Sunday-school Times, Philadelphia:*

"Your favor of yesterday, asking a message from me to the children and youth of the United States, to accompany your Centennial number, is this moment received.

"My advice to Sunday-schools, no matter what their denomination, is: Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of your liberties; write its precepts in your hearts, and practice them in your lives.

"To the influence of this book are we indebted for all the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future.

"'Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people.' Yours respectfully,

"U. S. GRANT."

On Sunday, June 11, a congregation had assembled in the new but unfinished Catholic church in Houtzdale, Pennsylvania, when, just as the services were about to begin, the gallery and floor beneath fell with a terrific crash. The contractor of the building was killed, and about thirty others seriously injured.

The New Century, a weekly paper devoted to the industrial interests of women, is published by the Woman's Centennial Committee in the Woman's Department within the Exhibition grounds. All departments of women's work, as represented in the Exposition, or as noted in correspondence from abroad and at home, will come under consideration. Subscriptions (two dollars for the six months) and communications will be received at the office of *The New Century*, Woman's Department, Centennial Grounds, Philadelphia.

Philadelphia is a healthful city, as compared with others of equal size. The Centennial "Bureau of Medical Service" gives statistics showing that the average rate of mortality in Philadelphia during the past five years has been more favorable than in any other city containing over 500,000 inhabitants. The abundant water supply and the fact that the population is not overcrowded account, in great measure, for this healthfulness. Philadelphia contains 143,000 dwelling-houses, in addition to other buildings, and its inhabitants, about 817,500, are spread over an area of over 129 square miles. If the poorer classes of New York city could be rescued from overcrowded tenement-houses, a great decrease in the death-rate would be noticed. During the past ten years the mean temperature (Fahrenheit) during the summer months in Philadelphia has been, for June, 73.54; for July, 78.74; and for August, 75.92. During the Centennial Exhibition season a rigid sanitary inspection will be maintained within the Exhibition grounds by the Bureau of Medical Service.

"A DROP OF JOY IN EVERY WORD."

FLEMINGTON, Hunterdon Co., N. J., June 26, 1874.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir,—It is with a happy heart that I pen these lines to acknowledge that you and your Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets are blessings to the world. These medicines can not be too highly praised, for they have almost brought me out of the grave. Three months ago I was broken out with large ulcers and sores on my body, limbs, and face. I procured your Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets, and have taken six bottles, and to-day I am in good health, all those ugly ulcers having healed and left my skin in a natural, healthy condition. I thought at one time I could not be cured. Although I can but poorly express my gratitude to you, yet there is a drop of joy in every word I write. God's blessing rest on you and your wonderful medicines is the humble prayer of

Yours Truly,

JAMES O. BELLIS.

When a medicine will promptly cure such terrible eating ulcers, and free the blood of the virulent poison causing them, who can longer doubt its wonderful virtues? Dr. PIERCE, however, does not wish to place his Golden Medical Discovery in the catalogue of quack patent nostrums by recommending it to cure every disease, nor does he so recommend it; but what he does claim is this, that there is but one form of *blood* disease that it will not cure, and that disease is cancer. He does not recommend his Discovery for that disease, yet he knows it to be the most searching blood cleanser yet discovered, and that it will free the blood and system of all other known blood poisons, be they animal, vegetable, or mineral. The Golden Discovery is *warranted* by him to cure the worst forms of Skin Diseases, as all forms of Blotches, Pimples, and Eruptions, also all Glandular Swellings, and the worst form of Scrofulous and Ulcerated Sores of Neck, Legs, or other parts, and all Scrofulous Diseases of the Bones, as White Swellings, Fever Sores, Hip-Joint, and Spinal Diseases, all of which belong to Scrofulous Diseases.—[*Com.*]

IMPORTANT NEGATIVES.

No preparatory experiments, no regulating of tensions, no winding of bobbins, no coaxing or testing whatever, no ripping, no failure by any one, however inexperienced, in sewing with the Wilcox & Gibbs new automatic silent sewing-machine. New York: No. 658 Broadway.—[*Com.*]

FREE LIVING.

THE destructive effects of free living, so common among all classes of society; impair the faculties of the body and lay the foundation of disease. The bad results of over-burdening the stomach with food might be entirely obviated, however, by a dose of Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills. This sovereign remedy for biliousness, headache, constipation, and liver complaint, is being universally acknowledged as a sure and harmless remedy. Sold by all druggists.—[*Com.*]

TO MOTHERS.

EVERY family in the land should have a "Perfection Baby-Holder," manufactured by the Occidental Manufacturing Co., of Chicago, Ill. They are a perfect blessing to mothers, because they save their strength and health, and give them time for other duties. Send for one. Price from $2 to $10.—[*Com.*]

THE greatest discovery of the age is Dr TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT for the cure of aches and pains; also cholera, dysentery, colic, and vomiting; warranted for over twenty-seven years, and never failed. No family or traveler should be without it. It is worth its weight in gold. Sold by the druggists.—[*Com.*]

MILLIONS of bottles of BURNETT'S COCOAINE have been sold during the last twenty years, and the public have rendered the verdict that it is the *best hair dressing* in the world.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CONSUMPTION, Weak Lungs, Throat diseases, Dyspepsia, General Debility, Loss of Strength, Flesh, and Appetite, and all diseases arising from Poverty of the Blood, promptly and radically cured by WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA. *Established* 1858. Prices $1 and $2 per bottle. Prepared only by
WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists,
Sold by Druggists. **36 John St., New York.**

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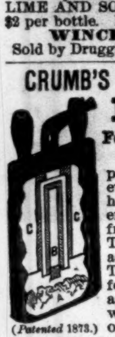
Pocket Inhaler.
For all Catarrhal & Throat Affections.



(*Patented* 1873.)

The Ozonized Inhalant saturating the packing A, reacts on the generator B, evolving remedial vapors, which, inhaled by nozzles CC or Mouthpiece D, eradicate all disease and inflammation from the membranes of the Head and Throat, certainly curing Catarrh, Headache, Bronchitis, Clergymen's Sore Throat, Loss of Voice, Asthmatical Affections, and Foul Breath. Easily managed. Sold by Druggists, or mailed you with Inhalant for 3 months on receipt of $2 00. WM. R. CRUMB, M.D., Ag't.
Complicated cases of long standing, and all other Chronic Diseases, treated by correspondence. Consultation fee, $1 00. Address as above,
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Near Frankfort-on-the-Main.
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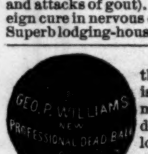

This ball has been adopted by all the leading players in the U. S. It is the best ball m'f'd. Sample by mail on receipt of $1 25; or ½ dozen, $6 00. Send stamp for catalogue of Sporting Goods.
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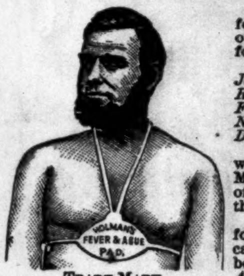

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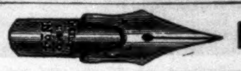

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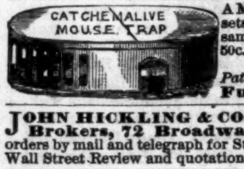

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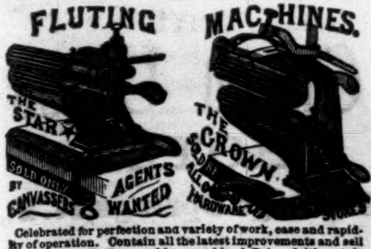

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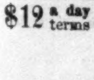

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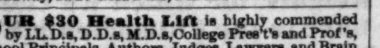
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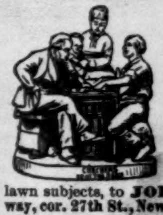

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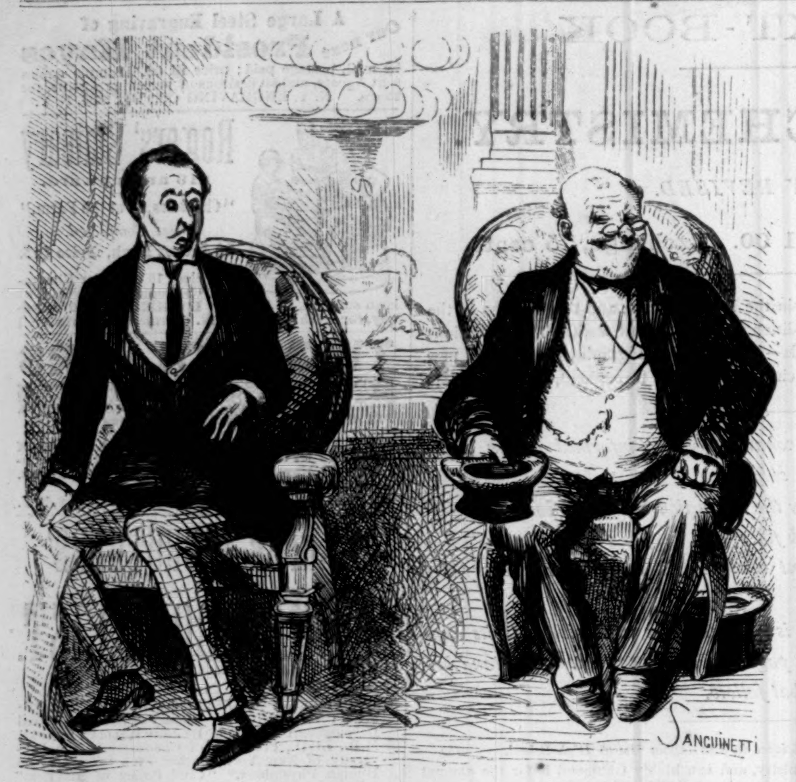

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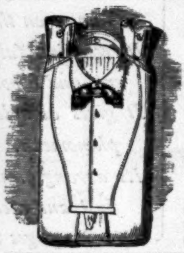

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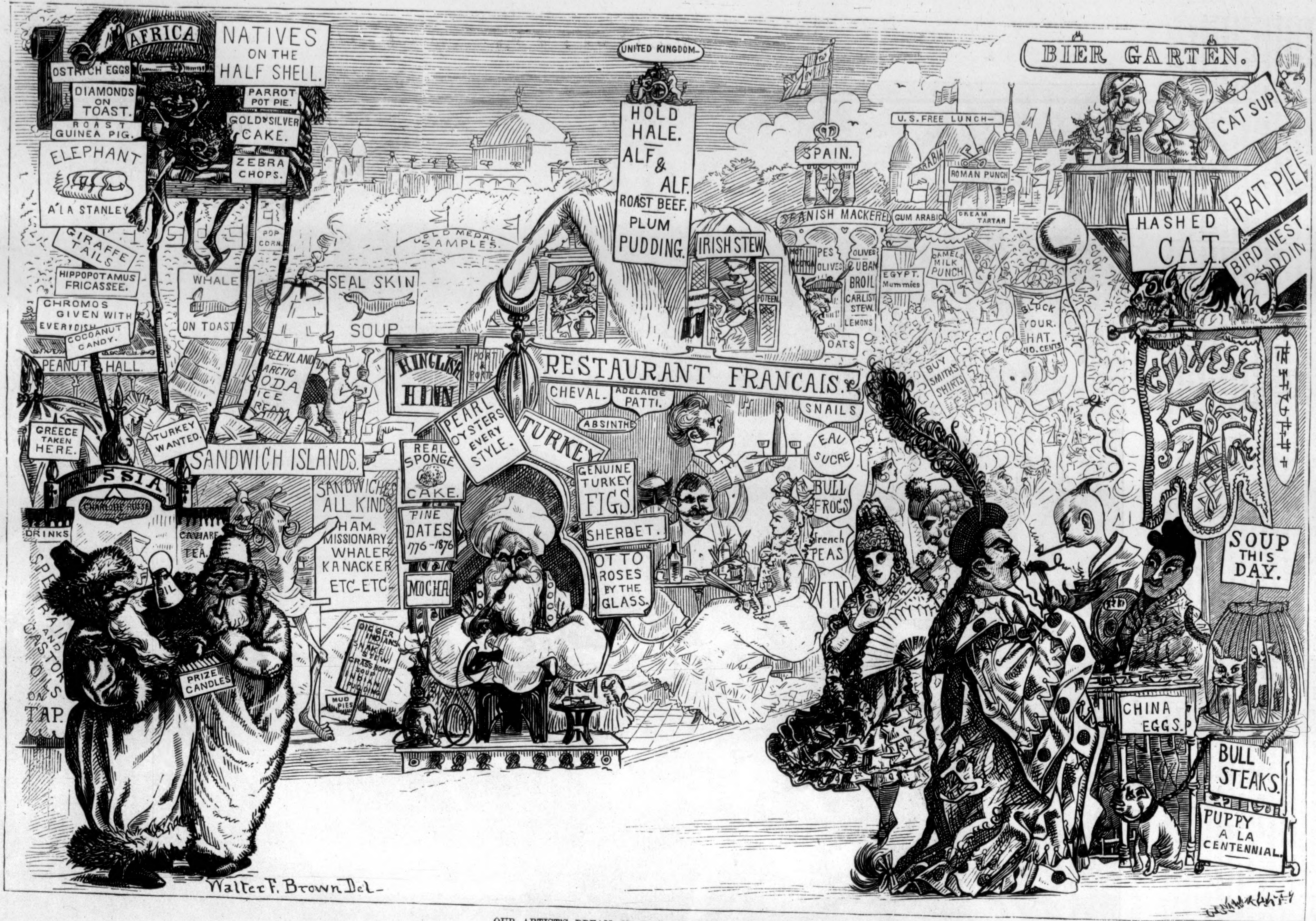
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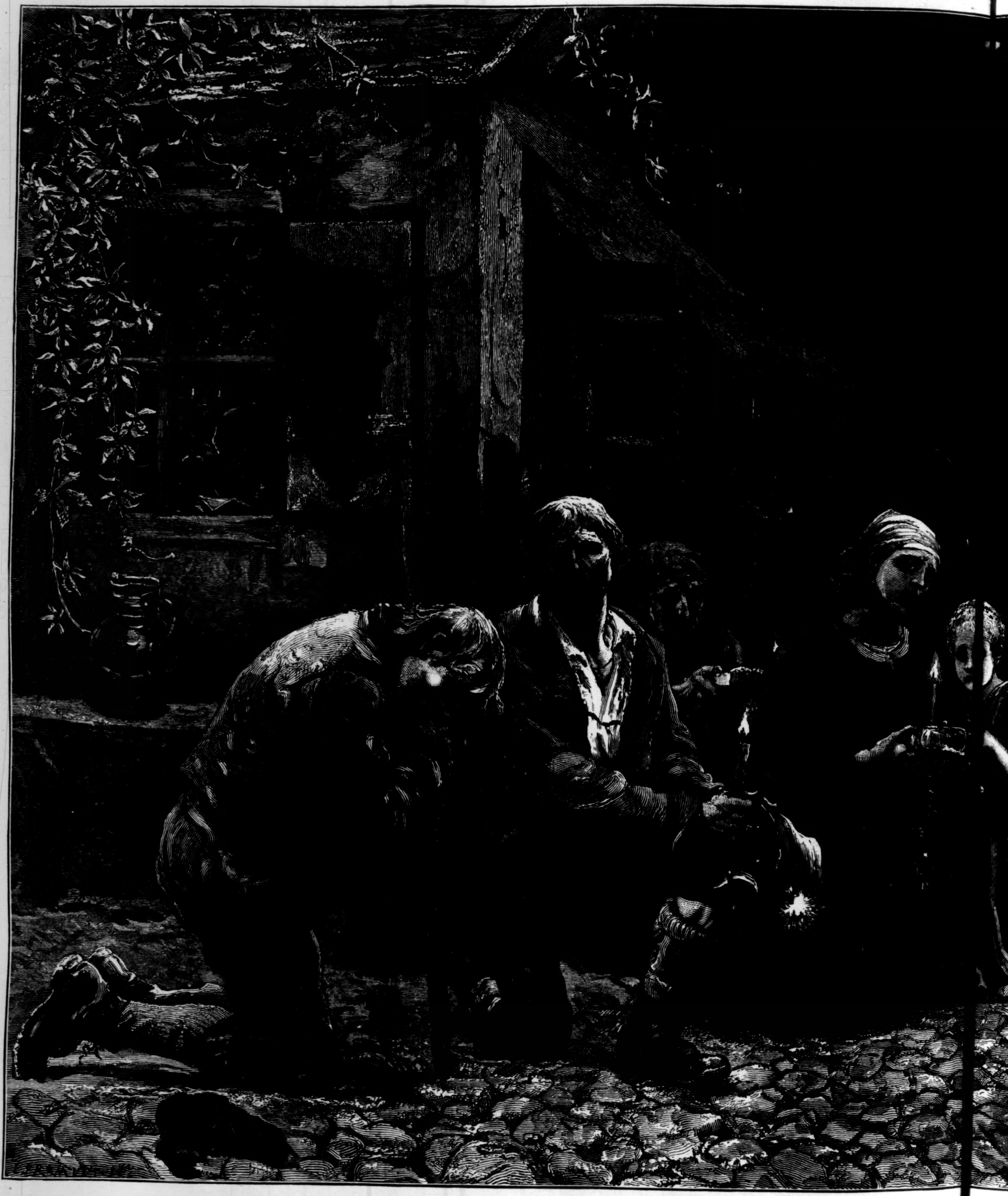
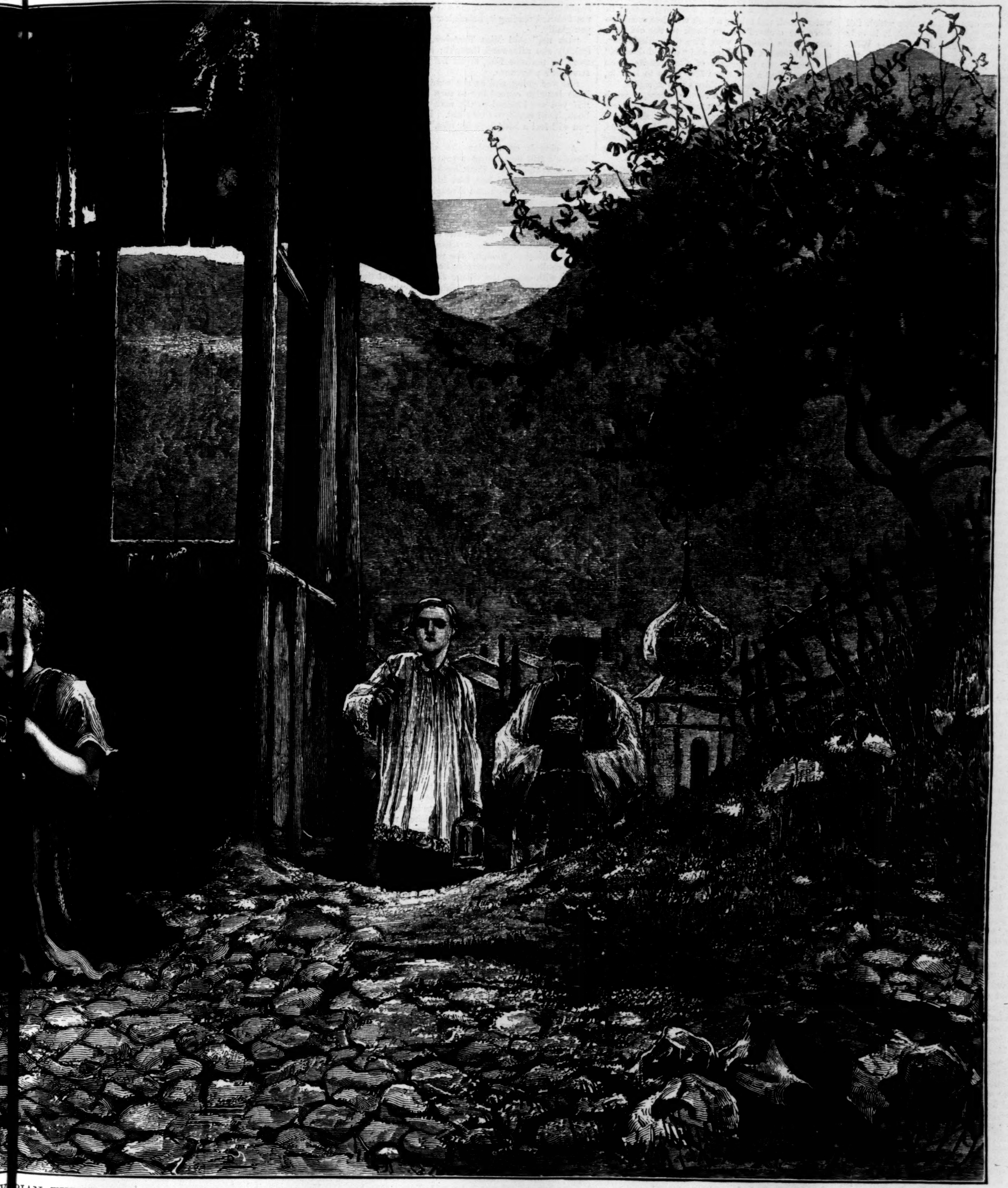


"AT DEATH'S DOOR"—A SCENE IN THE BAV RIAN T

"AT DEATH'S DOOR."

The peasants of the Bavarian Tyrol, the scene of this pathetic picture, are among the most genial and honest-hearted people of the Old World. Not brought so much in contact with the outside world as the peasants of the Alps, they still retain the charming simplicity of primitive nature in character and manner. Piety is one of their distinguishing traits; and nowhere in the world, perhaps, is religious devotion more characteristic and habitual. The clergy, as a rule, are men of sincere and simple faith, who give their whole lives to arduous labor among their flocks. Not an easy life, by any means, is that of a pastor in the Tyrol. He may be called at any time to go miles over rough and perilous mountain paths to administer consolation to the sick, or the last rites to the dying. It may be in the depth of winter, and when storm and darkness increase tenfold the dangers of the way; but he never shrinks from the duty. This devotion is no doubt one of the main causes of the hold which the Romish Church retains over the peasants of the Tyrol.

There is scarcely a hill in the Bavarian Tyrol uncrowned with its little white chapel-shrine, gleaming afar to the eye of the traveler, and suggesting thoughts of the pilgrim bands of the mediæval ages who came from far countries beyond the sea to visit the tomb of some famous saint, or the shrine of some wonder-working relic, where kings and princes did not disdain to walk barefoot to the holy place in company with their humbler brethren. Royal piety goes other ways in these less simple days, but still the shrines are not forsaken. Thousands of pious pilgrims visit them every year to pay vows made in sickness and misfortune, and to deposit some little testimonial of gratitude for deliverance, as a picture, a cross, a wreath, or even a few flowers. Despite the superstition, there is something very touching in this popular custom. It has the merit of humble, heart-felt sincerity, and shows at least that the people believe in their religion. In the poorer parts of the Tyrol shrines and chapels are more rare, but their absence is compensated by another custom, curious but even more pathetic. At almost every turn of the mountain road the traveler comes upon a rude painting on wood nailed to a tree, representing some terrible calamity or escape from death at the spot. An inscription underneath, in prose or verse, invites the passer-by to pray for the soul of the departed, or to give thanks for the interposition of saintly aid. The paintings are generally the work of children or old women, and, of course, are of the rudest description. But the feeling sanctifies the work. No peasant ever passes one of these memorials without crossing himself and muttering a few words of prayer. In one instance, however, these rude attempts at painting were the means of introducing to the world one of the most successful of German lithographers. **Haufstaengl**, whose superb lith-
ographs of the Dresde allery are
in every large collectio as a Tyro
boy, and employed his ure hours
memorial tablets for sums. T
truth and spirit of his k at last a
attention of a German nt, who to
to Dresden, gave him e literary
education, and the c e to make
name in the world. H on shook
ners of a German pea and becan
man in every sense o e word. N
with rising in the wor imself, he t
ters to Dresden, and e ded a like
sistance to his broth The latte
preferred to remain a sant, and
leave his native moun . The sist



V RIAN TYROL.—[FROM A PAINTING BY H. HERKOMER.]

allery are to be found
as a Tyrolese peasant
ure hours in painting
sums. The superior
k at last attracted the
nt, who took the boy
e literary and artistic
e to make himself a
on shook off the man-
and became a gentle-
e word. Not content
mself, he took his sis-
ded a like offer of as-
The latter, however,
sant, and declined to
. The sisters shared the tastes and aspirations of the young artist, and a short residence in the city transformed them into ladies elegant in manner and cultivated in taste. In America such occurrences are too frequent to excite remark; but in Germany, where social grades are rigidly maintained, HAUFSTAENGL is regarded as a wonderful phenomenon.

In matters of daily life the inhabitants of the Tyrol, both of the Bavarian and the Austrian districts, are a remarkably bold, hardy, and industrious people; and they are distinguished even from the inhabitants of other mountainous countries by their great patriotism and innate unquenchable love for their native soil. Nothing demonstrates this latter trait more signally than the fact that while in other countries a portion of the inhabitants nearly always emigrate to more propitious territories, a genuine Tyrolese very rarely leaves his own country for good. When their great purpose in traveling—the accumulation of small fortunes as peddlers, musicians, or laborers—is accomplished, they never fail to return to their home, and settling down in their native valley, enjoy the well-earned fruits of their industry. There is something very pleasing in this attachment to the home soil which carries a man steadfastly through difficulties, incites him to overcome the vicissitudes of a wandering life, and lands him at last, after twenty years or more of toil, in the promised land of his desires.

The Tyrolese peasant may be compared with the small farmer of New England, though of course the latter, in comparison with the Tyrolese cultivator, lives in the style of a prince or king. A peasant proprietor who owns three or four acres of tolerable land maintains himself and his family in a simple but comfortable manner, himself and his son, if he have one, being sufficient for the labors of such a farm, while his wife and daughters spin and make the greater part of the family clothing. Yet poor and primitive as the Tyrolese are, and hard-working as they have to be, their lot is far preferable to that of many of the inhabitants of other rural districts on the Continent and in England. The man, ignorant alike of want or superfluity, enjoys a life of domestic happiness; while the woman, kindly treated by her husband, and surrounded by healthy curly-headed children, can bear comparison with most, if not all, of the lower classes of Europe. At certain seasons of the year it is customary for the men to emigrate to the plains, and thus the women are compelled to fill their places and do their work. It is not an uncommon sight in the Tyrol to see the women fell trees, drive their heavily laden carts, till the ground, gather fodder, and chop wood. When the working hours of the day are over, the traveler who visits one of the village inns will be amazed to see them occupied by rows of women, with short pipes in their mouths, and elbows leaning on the table, drinking their pint of Tyrolese wine after their hard labor. They are universally treated in a kind manner by their